

THE
C R E E P S

by
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FIRST DRAFT

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THE SCREEN IS BLACK.

And there is silence.

Then... SOUNDS...

Strange, throbbing, distant.

Like factory noises.

Getting louder, as WE...

FADE IN:

1 INT. ALIEN STARCRUISER

WE ARE GLIDING down an access tube.

Biomechanical gridwork lines the walls.

Red emergency lights spin at junctures.

Strange piping and conduit.

Receding into the distance.

Steam rises.

The throbbing sounds continue.

Man did not build this.

The ALIEN ZOMBIE hurdles into view from an access junction and SLAMS into the wall, then recovers, RUNS, staggers, passing juncture after juncture, strobe lights FLASHING on his huge, oddly-shaped head.

He is carrying a strange metallic cannister.

2 TWO ALIEN PURSUERS

appear behind him, wielding laser rifles that look like shotguns. They YELL ALIEN GIBBERISH after the renegade.

Then FIRE a volley of LASER-FIRE.

The renegade TAKES A BLAST in the shoulder.

But it doesn't stop him.

Doesn't even slow him down.

He RUNS ON.

Reaches a hatchway.

SLAMS the control panel with a three-taloned fist.

Then JUMPS through the hatch.

Which IRISES CLOSED behind him.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED :

The pursuers catch up.
FIRING at the closing hatch.
One of them hits the panel frantically.

ZILCH. Zip. Nada.
The hatch remains closed.

3 ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HATCH

The renegade has RIPPED the wiring out.
GUTTING the control panel.

He grips the cannister.
And MOVES ON...

4 BACK IN THE ACCESS TUBE

The pursuers at the hatch.
One of them tinkers with the control panel.

TWO MORE ALIENS run up behind them.
Also armed.

The one who isn't working SHOUTS at them.
The language is alien.

WE SUPER A TRANSLATION OF WHAT HE IS SAYING

But the translation is also in the alien language, so it
looks like heiroglyphics to us. This is weird, folks.

The alien leader SHRIEKS and points.

The other aliens RUN BACK the direction they came.

5 ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HATCH

The renegade APPROACHES a chute hatch.
GRABS the handle.
Begins to OPEN IT.

6 BACK IN THE ACCESS TUBE

The second pair of aliens have returned.
Rolling a huge, mean-looking CANNON.

Which they AIM at the hatch.

7 ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HATCH

The renegade SLAMS the ejection chute CLOSED.

The cannister inside.

SUDDENLY -- an EXPLOSION from up the corridor

The alien zombie LOOKS.

The pursuing aliens RUN IN amidst smoke and debris.

The renegade REACHES for the ejection lever.

One of the pursuers raises his weapon, and FIRES!

The laserblast HITS the zombie in the head, which promptly EXPLODES, emitting a torrent of shiny, slug-like black SQUIGGLES, which SPILL OUT onto the floor and WHIP AWAY like snakes in fast motion.

The now-dead alien has his hand on the lever.

The others look on with horror, as

The renegade's corpse SLUMPS FORWARD AND

HIS TALON PULLS DOWN THE EJECTION LEVER, AND

8 EXT. SPACE

The ALIEN STARCROISER.
Way off in the distance.
SILENCE.

We see something eject from the ship.

It flies end-over-end AT CAMERA.

It is the cannister.

9 REVERSE ANGLE

The cannister catches a glint of sunlight as it SPINS AWAY FROM CAMERA and into deep space, where, finally, it disappears in the distance, until it is gone, and all we see are the

STARS

And again, silence...

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED

Then -- a vintage SAM COOKE TUNE rises on the soundtrack,
and WE TILT DOWN TO...

10 EXT. SORORITY ROW, 1959 - NIGHT

And just so there's no confusion, we have a big SUPERED
TITLE which SAYS:

"SORORITY ROW, 1959"

Fall trees line the row.
A soft breeze.
Strolling COLLEGE STUDENTS.

Well-kept Colonial houses with big Greek letters over the
doorways, and freshly-cut lawns in front.

As the TITLE FADES, WE CRANE DOWN TO street level, where...

A '56 Ford Fairlane pulls up in front of the Kappa Delta house.
The radio BLARES Chuck Berry.

See that guy in the driver's seat? That's KEN. He sports a
button-down shirt, a letter jacket (football, of course),
and a flat-top crewcut which -- let's face it -- is hilarious.

Ken checks himself out in the rearview mirror, and decides
to rigorously comb his hair. Since his hilarious crewcut
allows him no substantial amount of hair to comb, this act
is doubly hilarious.

Finally, he pockets the comb, spit-pastes an imaginary cowlick,
then double-checks the mirror. This time, he passes with
flying colors.

He kills the radio, and leaps out of the car Batman-style.

11 INT. SORORITY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Quilted bedspreads, stuffed animals, pictures of Elvis. Even in
black-and-white, you KNOW there's a lot of pink in this room.

And of course, there are SORORITY GIRLS, doing -- of course --
sorority girl stuff: talking on the phone, painting toe-nails...

A third girl, DEBBIE, is pretty much just sitting there looking
great. She's supposed to be studying, but if it's between
studying and looking great, there's no contest.

"Johnny Angel" plays on the record player even though it wasn't
recorded until three years later.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

GIRL ON PHONE

So Edette said, that Muffy said,
that Patty said, that she heard
one of the Tri Delts tell Pam,
that SHE heard, that Barbie heard,
that one of the Gamma Phis told
Suzy, that she heard, that Buffy
heard...

And on it goes.

The weird part is, she can chew gum at the same time.

CLINK. CLINK! Debbie looks up from looking great.
A few seconds pass. Then -- again -- CLINK!

The window.

Debbie gets off the bed, and goes to it. She pulls back
the curtains. The other girls exchange glances and giggles.

12 DEBBIE'S P.O.V. - LOOKING OUT WINDOW

down onto the front of the sorority. And there's Ken.
Looking up. Grinning. A handful of pebbles.

DEBBIE

smiles and lets go of the curtains.

13 EXT. SORORITY FRONT - NIGHT

Ken grins and drops the pebbles among the flowers.

Then -- inspiration!

He picks one of the flowers, and heads up to the front door.

14 INT. SORORITY FRONT HALLWAY

As the DOORBELL RINGS, GIRLS run to and fro like it's
an air raid.

15 INT. SORORITY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Debbie's roomies rummage through drawers and apply make-up on her like handmaidens.

A SORORITY GIRL sticks her head in the doorway.

GIRL WITH HEAD IN DOORWAY

Guy, Debbie! He's here!

DEBBIE

Doy now!

SORORITY GIRL #1

Not the PINK sweater!

DEBBIE

Why not?

SORORITY GIRL #1

With that skirt? How gauche!

SORORITY GIRL #2

I think it's cute.

SORORITY GIRL #1

You would. You went to the Pledge-Active with an English major.

16 INT. SORORITY FRONT HALLWAY

A GIRL WITH a SWEATSHIRT AND PONY TAIL has let Ken in, and stands beside him as he waits. She bats her eyelashes with adoration.

Ken bobs on his heels, smiles self-consciously at her, whistles to himself. Then he feels eyes on him, and looks up.

WE briefly SEE sorority girls' heads sticking out, STARING from every conceivable nook and cranny, but of course, the second Ken looks -- they jerk out of sight --

You almost expect them to leave a cloud of dust behind like the Roadrunner does when he ditches the Coyote.

Then something else catches Ken's attention. Namely:

Debbie, coming down the stairs, dressed pretty much exactly the way she was before panic ensued. Nonetheless, Ken's testicles tingle at the sight (let the director worry about how to show that).

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

KEN

Holy smokes! Since when was Grace Kelly a Kappa Delta?

Debbie smiles coyly as she reaches the bottom.

DEBBIE

Oh, you big smoothie...

17 INT. AROUND THE CORNER - SORORITY LIVING ROOM

The girls eavesdropping.

One of them responds to this dialogue by putting her finger in her wide-open mouth to simulate vomit-inducement.

BACK TO KEN AND DEBBIE

As he escorts her out, they make goo-goo eyes at one another.

The second they are out the door, the battalion of sorority girls emerge from their hiding places, heaving a sigh of relief that the unbearable cuteness has ended.

CURIOUS SORORITY GIRL

I wonder if she'll let him kiss her?

SOUNDS OF FUCKING are heard OVER:

18 EXT. MAKE-OUT POINT - NIGHT

LOOKING DOWN ON the twinkling lights of the town. WE DOLLY PAST steamed-up car windows, and not that the fucking isn't interesting, but these cars are classics, so check them out.

WE FINALLY REST ON Ken's Fairlane, in the front seat of which sit -- surprise!-- Ken and Debbie. They are holding hands, fully clothed, looking up at the stars.

The Chirelles SING a slow love song on the car radio.

DEBBIE

Sure is a beautiful night.

She sighs, and rests her head on Ken's shoulder.

KEN

Almost as beautiful as my bitchin' dream date.

She smiles at him, then settles back and looks up again.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

DEBBIE

"Star light, star bright, first star I see
tonight. I wish I may I wish --

(pause, frown)

Say... which one's the brightest star?

KEN

Well.. let's see...

He puts his arm around her, and scans the sky.

19 FROM BEHIND KEN AND DEBBIE

LOOKING UP at a magical, Spielbergian night sky filled with stars. And sure enough, there is one that's just a little bit brighter than all the rest. And before you know it, it's brighter still. And brighter. Like it's growing. Which it really isn't, because what it IS doing is ARCING TOWARD US from across the sky, and leaving a fiery trail behind, and pretty soon you want to DUCK, BECAUSE IT'S SHOOTING STRAIGHT AT US, AND --

20 EXT. MAKE-OUT POINT - SERIES OF SHOTS

as the area is suddenly AWASH IN BLINDING LIGHT as the shooting star, or the meteorite, or the whatever-the-hell-it-is BLASTS OVERHEAD with a DEAFENING WHOOSH, AND --

KEN AND DEBBIE

squint and cover their eyes, and Ken spins around to chart its trajectory, and --

KEN'S P.O.V. - THE HORIZON

as the blazing object from space rockets earthward and disappears behind the trees, GLOWING, and all the kids' CAR HORNS are HONKING like their team just won the Rose Bowl, and --

KEN AND DEBBIE

as Ken whirls around again, adrenaline pumping, eyes wide.

KEN

(beat)

I vote for that one.

He turns the ignition, and jerks the car into gear, and hits the gas, and the Fairlane ROARS out of the parking area.

21 EXT. RURAL ROAD - THE BOONIES - NIGHT

Soft blue moonlight. Scary shadows. The road disappears into the night. Then...

A pair of headlights... Ken's Fairlane approaches, and slows to a crawl, tires crunching gravel. Ken peers into the dark woods.

KEN

I'm tellin' ya. It went down right over there somewhere...

He turns off the car. Reaches for the glove compartment. He pulls out a flashlight.

DEBBIE

Ken?

KEN

(turns on the RADIO)

This'll keep you company. Now you stay right here, okay?

He gets out of the car, SLAMS the door, clicks on the flashlight and heads off into the darkness.

DEBBIE

You're kidding, right?

22 EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Night SOUNDS. CRICKETS. Owl HOOTS. Ken's flashlight FLARES at the lens as he ventures into the woods, and away from the car, which can be seen on the road behind him.

23 IN THE CAR - DEBBIE

And she's not thrilled about this. Not one bit. She looks around, pulls her sweater closed, chilled.

The SONG on the radio STOPS.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

We interrupt this program for a K-ING News Flash. Doctors at the Crestwood Institute for the Criminally Insane have requested that police issue an all-points-bulletin for a patient who escaped from the Institute earlier this evening. Identified as 35 year-old Friedman Barish, the patient is believed to have stolen a large fire axe, and doctors warn that he has a history of homicidal behavior.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

RADIO ANNOUNCER (Cont'd)

Police add that the patient was spotted earlier this evening near Hargitay Heights, and is believed to be moving west on Route 66 toward the DePalma University area...

Another SONG comes on. Bouncy, rockin', upbeat.

'Terrific,' thinks Debbie.

Then she notices something beyond the windshield. She reaches for the headlight lever, and TURNS THE HEADLIGHTS ON, illuminating:

24 A ROAD SIGN UP AHEAD

It reads: "Hargitay - DePalma University - 3 miles" with an arrow pointing the way, and a big '66, WEST' underneath it.

DEBBIE - A CLOSE-UP

And remember how she was not thrilled before? Well now she is REALLY not thrilled.

DEBBIE

Ken? ...

25 IN THE WOODS - KEN

moving through the brush, surrounded by darkness. He shines the flashlight all around. Debbie's pathetic pleas can be heard off in the distance.

Ken squints with curiosity. He's spotted something

26 BACK AT THE CAR - DEBBIE

looking around, starting to get really spooked now.

DEBBIE

Ken?!... Can we go back to the point now?...

27 LOW ANGLE TOWARD CAR - FROM ACROSS THE ROAD

Debbie can be seen in the car, in the distance.

A PAIR OF BOOTS, covered with mud, step into frame.... Boots with feet in them. Feet attached to legs. Legs attached to a body. A body with arms. Arms with hands on the ends of them. Large, powerful hands. Hands which are gripping something...

Something known as a large fire axe.

28 DEEP IN THE WOODS - KEN

approaching whatever it was he spotted. His pace is slow. Cautious. He looks down, shining the flashlight on the ground.

KEN'S P.O.V.

revealing, under the dim flashlight beam, a trough cut into the ground by the force of a landing object. A charred, smoking trail, and at the end of it, THE OBJECT itself...

KEN

staring with curiosity, trepidation, as he moves forward, at:

THE CANNISTER

The one ejected from the alien ship. It glints under the flashlight beam, a dull metallic silver.

KEN

as he kneels to it, wide-eyed, and --

THE CANNISTER

There is a clouded silver window on one side, through which we can see some unearthly slimey goo. Something squishy and organic.

SUDDENLY -- it FLUTTERS inside the cannister. Oozing. Alive.

29 BACK ON THE ROAD - LOW ANGLE TOWARD CAR - SAME

as before. The muddy boots. The axe-wielding figure. After a beat, whoever it is... TAKES A STEP FORWARD.

Toward the car. And Debbie.

30 IN THE WOODS - CLOSE ON KEN

looking at the cannister with a "What-the-hell-IS-this?" expression. He's about to touch it, when --

THE CANNISTER - VERY CLOSE

A beat. Then a CRACK SPLITS in the curved window and a high-pitched escape of some chemical gas and with only that as warning, a SHINY, SLUG-LIKE BLACK SQUIGGLE SHOOTS FROM THE CANNISTER AND INTO KEN'S FACE, JUST AS --

31 BACK AT THE CAR - DEBBIE

looking off into the woods, shivering, terrified, pathetic...

DEBBIE

Ken?!... Don't you want to fondle my
breasts?!...

And THAT'S WHEN WE SEE THE HULKING FIGURE AMBLING TOWARDS HER from behind, and we SCREAM at the screen for her to turn around and look, but of course, this is only a movie, and was already written and shot and edited a long time ago, so we have no power, no control, we can only sit and watch as the figure behind her RAISES THE AXE and poor, helpless Debbie just sits there oblivious, and with an incredible heave, the figure swings an arc aimed directly at her skull, and the BLADE COMES DOWN HARD, AND JUST BEFORE IT HITS, WE --

CUT TO BLACK.

A few seconds of SILENCE.

Then a sterile flourescent light COMES ON, ILLUMINATING:

32 INT. MEDICAL ROOM

CLOSE ON CHEESY DOCTOR

CHEESY DOCTOR

No vital signs.

Cheesy, yet benign-looking. Very 1950s. Like the professor who would explain the atom in those awful 16 mm documentaries you saw in second grade. He looks down. Frowns. Then up AT:

CLOSE ON GEEKY TECHNICIAN

Bespectacled, with a flat-top crewcut even more hilarious than Ken's. The late Ken, that is. And we KNOW he's late because the two men are looking AT:

KEN'S CORPSE

lying on a medical table. The body is bloated and blue-ish.

CHEESY DOCTOR

No heart rate. No respiration. Nothing.

He glances significantly AT --

CHEESY DOCTOR

Except...

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

A BRAIN SCAN MONITOR

A huge, unwieldy grey machine. A pen-arm jerks ink every few inches on a sheet of graph paper scrolling through the machine, along with a synchronized electronic 'PING'.

Wires lead out from the machine, and are connected to small electrode cups attached to the corpse's temples.

GEEKY TECHNICIAN

Gee whillikers. Brain activity?

WE WIDEN AS the cheesy doctor lights a cigarette, relaxing.

CHEESY DOCTOR

Not exactly, Bill. You see, due to lack of oxygen, the brain has suffered irreversible damage. But as you can see, the scanning unit tells us that some sort of activity is still going on in there...

The geeky technician looks at him with confusion.

CHEESY DOCTOR

Until it stops, we can't ethically pronounce this boy dead.

The late Ken's face is purplish and without life. If he's not dead, neither is Marie Antionette.

CHEESY DOCTOR

In fact... we don't have the knowledge, or the facilities to determine just WHAT's going on inside this youngster's cranium.
(significant pause)
But we will. Some day...

GEEKY TECHNICIAN

Gee, Doc, I -- I don't follow you.

The doctor gives the technician a look... then hands him a clipboard and ON

THE CLIPBOARD

is a mimeoed sheet of paper, headed: "CRYOGENIC EXPERIMENT #7119 - 9/8/'59 - SUBJECT APPLICATION".

THE GEEKY TECHNICIAN

looks from the paper to the doctor with a meaningful, "You mean?..." type of expression, and --

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

THE DOCTOR

grins cheesily and nods with a meaningful "That's EXACTLY what I mean" type of expression, and finally --

THE SCANNING MONITOR

The ink graph streaks. The jerking pen-arm, registering movement. The steady electronic 'PING'.

FADE TO...

BLACK SCREEN

SILENCE... Then -- you'd better hold onto your ears, because a HARD, upbeat, contemporary ROCK SONG KICKS IN, and the following TITLE CRAWLS UP THE SCREEN:

"PLEDGE WEEK...
25 YEARS LATER"

And ON THE DOWNBEAT, WE--

SMASH CUT TO:

33 EXT. FRATERNITY ROW - TONIGHT

CRANING DOWN through trees streaked with toilet paper TO REVEAL:

The row. Majestic frat houses, some Colonial, some Tudor, ALL overflowing with major party action. Giant, hand-painted banners. ROCK MUSIC BLARING from forty-seven speakers.

The sidewalks are jammed with partying COLLEGE STUDENTS; frat guys, sorority girls, or just those knocking themselves out to be accepted as one or the other, and probably never will.

We're talking Geeks, Greeks, studs, wimps, winners, losers, babes, bowzers. You name it. If it goes to college and it's not off studying or otherwise wimping out, it's here somewhere looking to chug a brewskie or two. Or three. Or forty-seven.

Everyone's either dressed to the nines, or too cool to care. You see a LOT of Hawaiian-print shirts, Izods, polo shirts, fluffy blouses, Topsiders, even a couple of Togas, but ignore them, they're out of it. OVER ALL THIS WE HEAR:

CHRIS

I'm depressed.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

RYAN

Cheer up, will you? Look, there's a vomiting guy.

CHRIS

That's supposed to cheer me up? A vomiting guy?

RYAN

He's not vomiting on you, is he?

CHRIS

Good point. I feel a lot better.

WE COME TO SIDEWALK LEVEL as our heroes, CHRISTOPHER CARPENTER, and his best friend RYAN ROMERO, come into view, plowing their way through the ocean of student bodies and the assorted SHRIEKS of "Yo! Righteous! Gnarly! Totally bogus!" and "Whoa, dude, I'm gonna blow chow!"

Chris is okay-looking in a non-obvious sort of way, but he doesn't know it and none of the girls will tell him because he's convinced he's a geek due to a shattered romance, but that's another movie.

CHRIS

Ryan, do me a favor.

RYAN

Anything, dude.

CHRIS

Don't try and cheer me up.

Ryan, on the other hand, IS a geek. And he knows it. Which is what makes him great. He's also a cripple, and walks with metal crutches. His attitude is: I have nothing to lose.

RYAN

You know what your problem is?

CHRIS

Yeah, you.

RYAN

That's good. That's very funny. Did you write that yourself? Chris, I'm your bud. I love you. We have a bond. When you're depressed, I'm depressed. And I don't like being depressed. It's depressing. So do me a favor, okay?

CHRIS

Anything, dude.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

RYAN

Knock off this being depressed shit.

Chris stops in his tracks, hit by a bolt of lightning. He has spotted something. Wait, scratch that. Revise. Someone.

CHRIS'S P.O.V. - TELEPHOTO - CYNTHIA

CYNTHIA CRONENBERG, 19, that is.

Now we COULD do the whole romantic star-filter-warm-hair-light-and-gauze 1930's number, but the plain fact is, we don't have to, because if there's one thing about Chris, it's his taste in women is superb.

The phrase 'knock-out' does not adequately describe Cynthia. Take the 27 prettiest girls on earth. Now eliminate all but the brunettes. Of the ten girls left, Cynthia's one of them.

You get the idea.

She wears a frilly white blouse, and a skirt that shows just enough leg so you know SHE knows how incredible they are. She is gossiping energetically with some SORORITY GIRLS, a genus of which she, quite obviously, is a member.

BACK TO CHRIS

Starry-eyed.

CHRIS

Who's that?

RYAN

Who's what?

CHRIS

Her. The angel. The vision.

RYAN

What, the one with the hogans?

CHRIS

(nods)

Right. Who is she?

RYAN

The Morton Salt girl. How the hell should I know?

(YELLING)

HEY, YOU! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?!

Chris immediately turns away and tries to evaporate, as

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (3)

THE SORORITY GIRLS

Cynthia included, look up, giggle, then return to their gossiping, and

BACK TO CHRIS

his back to them, hand covering his face.

CHRIS

Remind me to kill you some time.

RYAN

Kill me sometime.

CHRIS

Thanks.

Chris turns around again.

CHRIS

What do I do now?

RYAN

You could always stand here like an idiot and not do anything.

(he moves forward)

Come on. Duty calls. Not to mention the groinal area.

Chris holds him back.

CHRIS

No! Wait!

RYAN

Chris, she's just a girl! What's the big deal? She's a human, okay? She has the same emotions, the same concerns as you do. You cannot allow women to make you suicidal!

A beautiful CO-ED squeezes past the guys, flashing Ryan a smile for which her dentist should be awarded a Nobel prize.

SMILING CO-ED

S'cuse me, you guys.

RYAN

No problem.

(once she's passed:)

Where are the razor blades?

(a beat)

Joke. Humor. I'm kidding. I'm telling you, girls are just like you.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (4)

CHRIS

They have nicer hogans.

RYAN

Do you want to meet her, or what?

CHRIS

I want to marry her.

RYAN

Well, I hate to break this to you, but you have to meet her first. I know it's a hassle, but hey, I don't make up the rules.

Chris's eyes go wide.

CHRIS

Shit! She's going in to the Beta house!

CHRIS' P.O.V. - TELEPHOTO - CYNTHIA

and she's moving up the stairs of the Fraternity... saying 'hi' to beer-chugging FRAT GUYS and fellow SORORITY GIRLS.

The Beta House is three stories of Fellini-esque revelry. If the row is the most action-packed place on campus, the Beta house is the most action-packed place on the row. The cream of the Greek crop.

Cynthia disappears inside, under a huge banner which reads: "BETA PLEDGE-O-RAMA", whatever the hell that means.

CHRIS AND RYAN

move up the sidewalk, Chris propelled like some kind of zombie, until they are at the bottom of the stairs.

CHRIS

I hate the Betas. I hate frat boys. I hate fraternities. I hate fraternity row. Why are we here???

RYAN

You want to get married, remember?

CHRIS

(pause)

Oh, yeah.

34 INT. BETA HOUSE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Hardwood floors, pleasant if aging furniture, framed plaques on the walls and photos of past Beta rosters. Trophies in glass cases. A stairway to the second and third floors.

Of course, you can't SEE any of these things I'm describing because there're just plain TOO MANY PEOPLE JAMMED IN HERE drinking and laughing and joking and drinking and SCREAMING and scamming and drinking and dancing and... did I mention drinking?

A LIVE BAND PLAYS o.s. and BOY, are they loud.

Chris and Ryan APPEAR at the front door, and timidly venture into this Dante's Inferno, scoping the scene.

A PLEDGE CHAIRMAN at a table inside the entrance writes on two stick-on name-badges, and slaps them on Chris and Ryan's chests.

Chris's reads: 'ASS-BITE' and Ryan's: 'BUTT-WIPE'. Ryan nods thanks to the guy, then looks around. He is totally psyched.

RYAN

Whoa, this is radical. This is intense. Am I looking at wall-to-wall co-eds, or what's the story here? I mean, gimme a break!

Chris isn't listening. His eyes are combing the room for his dream girl. A DRUNKEN FRAT GUY staggers up to the guys, a beer in one hand and a GIRL in the other.

DRUNKEN FRAT GUY

Hey, dudes!! Grab a brewskie! Keg's out on the patio!

RYAN

Thanks.

CHRIS

(distracted)

I'll do it.

He moves off to get the beer, his eyes roaming like buffalo.

DRUNKEN FRAT GUY

Hey, dude. I blew chunks twice tonight!

He LAUGHS uproariously.

RYAN

I'm very happy for you.

The frat boy's face turns a shade of green. He dives for the nearest window, yanks the curtains back, and vomits violently behind them, PARTYERS laugh and point.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

RYAN

Three's the charm, I guess.

The sounds of ralping are painful to listen to.

RYAN

Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain.

35 EXT. BETA HOUSE PATIO - NIGHT

The BAND CRANKS. Colored lights. A sea of DANCERS.

Chris stands by the keg, scanning the dance floor as he waits his turn to draw from it. He starts to fill a cup, as Ryan hobbles up on his crutches.

RYAN

Find her?

Chris shakes his head, hands Ryan the beer. He fills a cup for himself as Ryan sips and looks around.

RYAN

Oops. Bingo.

CHRIS

(tense)

Where?

RYAN

Two o'clock.

CHRIS' P.O.V. - TELEPHOTO - CYNTHIA

And you can tell it's Chris's because even though we've only seen her once, Cynthia has never looked better.

The romantic dance lights play colors in her hair, and her eyes and smile have a radiance about them that is palpable. She is achingly beautiful and absolutely enchanting.

That's the good news. The bad news is: she's chatting gaily with some bozo who looks like the missing link and has one continuous eyebrow.

INTERCUT:

CHRIS AND RYAN

as the former registers horror at this ugly turn of events.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Great! She's with a guy.

RYAN

Yeah, but look at him! He's a bozo. He's the missing link. He has one continuous eyebrow.

CHRIS

He also has her.

RYAN

Hey. You just have to think positive. Watch this.

A CO-ED with breasts that confirm the existence of a supreme being walks by. Ryan hails her:

RYAN

YO! Miss?

She stops; her expression saying: Thrill me.

RYAN

(Mr. Disco)

I couldn't help noticing that your breasts there confirm the existence of a supreme being, and, since you and I will be having sex a little later on, I thought --

CO-ED WITH BREASTS
THAT CONFIRM THE
EXISTENCE OF A
SUPREME BEING

(smiling sweetly)

No, we won't.

And she walks away. Ryan grins proudly.

RYAN

See what I mean? They love me. I'm a Love God. It's all positive thinking.

He hands Chris his beer, and poises himself on his crutches.

RYAN

Okay. Stand back. Main event.

Terror crosses Chris's face. He reaches out to stop Ryan, but it is too late.

36 ACROSS THE DANCE FLOOR

Cynthia and the cro-magnon -- GREG -- continue to chat. Another reason to fall in love with her is that no matter how boring this guy might be, she gives him her complete attention.

Ryan dodges dancers, making his way up to the couple.

RYAN
(to Cynthia)
Excuse me. What's his name?

CYNTHIA
(confused)
Uh, Greg...

Ryan pivots to Greg.

RYAN
Greg, there's a call for you inside.

GREG
Whoa, thanks, dude.
(to Cynthia)
Later, Cindy.

He heads off to get his phone call. Ryan smiles at Cynthia, who now has his complete attention.

RYAN
Cindy what?

You can tell Cynthia is impressed, due to the effort it takes her to hide it. A half-smile creeps through.

CYNTHIA
There isn't really a phone call for him, is there?

RYAN
Cynthia, my time is limited -- much like Greg's intellect. Do you see that attractive gentlemen over there by the ale dispenser?

He indicates the keg area, where WE SEE:

TELEPHOTO - CHRIS

suddenly on the spot. He is holding both beers and trying to look casual. Naturally, he succeeds only in spilling the beers and looking like a goofball.

CYNTHIA

is apparently amused and intrigued by this bufoonery.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

RYAN

I'm his agent. Now, it's vital that I obtain this information. The fate of the free world hangs in the balance.

CYNTHIA

Cynthia Cronenberg, and why didn't he ask me himself?

RYAN

Look. Imagine your mouth is full of cotton, your heart is threatening to burst out of your chest, and your legs are gelatinous -- much like my own. I think HE thinks if he talked to you himself... that would be the net result.

CYNTHIA

Which is silly, of course.

RYAN

Of course. Tell HIM that.

Cynthia watches Chris from afar.

CYNTHIA

I would...

Then looks at Ryan, significantly.

RYAN

But you have a boyfriend.

She nods. Ryan indicates the exited Greg. Cynthia shakes her head and chuckles as to indicate the ridiculousness of the idea.

RYAN

Well. You know what I'm gonna do?

CYNTHIA

What are you going to do?

RYAN

I'm not gonna tell him.

CYNTHIA

You're not going to tell him my name?

RYAN

I'm not gonna tell him you have a boyfriend.

He looks at her conspiratorially. GREG the Ape-Man returns.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

GREG

You're cruisin', man, there was no call for me.

RYAN

Silly me. What was your name again? Chad?
Biff?

Cynthia giggles.

GREG

GREG. And I don't think you're very funny...

RYAN

Don't tell me. About as funny as a crutch,
right?

(Belushi eyebrows)

Get it?

He flicks a glance at Cynthia, and backs off. Greg flexes his pectorals threateningly, much like many lower primates do when they themselves are threatened. Ask Marlin Perkins.

BACK AT THE KEG

Chris eagerly waits for Ryan, who grins, and goes right past him into the frat's main room.

37 INT. FRAT MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Chris descends like a hawk.

CHRIS

Give! Squeal! Talk! That was two minutes
and twelve seconds!

RYAN

Okay, okay! She knows her name, for starters. Which for a sorority girl is pretty impressive. It's Cynthia Cronenberg.

CHRIS

Cut to the chase scene! Does she have a boyfriend?!

RYAN

(PAUSE)

She didn't say... But I don't think so.

Chris is injected with turbo-charged adrenaline.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

This is it! This is serious, Rye-guy. I think I'm in love here.

RYAN

How can you tell? A tingling warmth in your chest? A sense of happiness? Belonging? Purpose?

CHRIS

(a beat)

Does a boner count?

RYAN

Of course you realize, there's only one way this girl's going to take you seriously.

CHRIS

(grimly)

If I belong to a frat. Preferably this one.

RYAN

I was thinking more along the lines of talking to her.

Chris paces, shaking his head at Ryan.

CHRIS

You're so naïve.

He looks around. Confused. Unsure. Then... determination crosses his face. Purpose.

RYAN

Waaaaaiiit a minute, Chris, you're not going to do something stupid, are you?

Chris clasps a hand on Ryan's shoulder. Smiles.

CHRIS

You know me. Of course we are.

38 INT. FRATERNITY REC ROOM

The door is closed to the party outside; this is a clandestine meeting. There is a pool table, a wet bar, and posters of scantily-clad models holding power tools.

THE FRAT GUYS are piled on and around a couch. Most have beers. They are looking o.s. with disdain.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

BRAD

Now lemme get this straight. YOU wanna
pledge the Betas.

BRAD CRAVEN, king of the preppy jocks. Reaganite, All-Star, Neo-Nazi. Also House President. He has blonde hair and blue eyes and is very good looking. Naturally we hate him on sight.

REVERSE ANGLE - CHRIS AND RYAN

sitting in two straight-back chairs, facing the guys. The impression of a firing squad is not without justification.

CHRIS

(nervous)

That's right.

RYAN

(sotto, prompting)

-- sir --

Chris glares at him. Brad rises, and paces around them in circles, like a drill sergeant giving them the once-over.

BRAD

Well, now, what makes you guys think you're
Beta material? I mean, we've pretty much
found most of the guys we need to fill the
roster this semester. You'd have to have
something pretty special to offer.

Chris is in trouble now. He hasn't thought it out this far. Take the number of frat guys, and multiply by two. That's how many eyes are frying Chris and Ryan about now.

RYAN

(cheerfully)

How 'bout money?

Pause. Silence. You can hear a pin drop.

RYAN

(cont'd)

Sure! Moolah. Dough! The old green stuff.

(pure car salesman time)

The old... Cabbage. Capital. The big dollar
sign. Yup, green backs! Yen! --

Chris shoves him.

CHRIS

(sotto)

All right, already!

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

The frat guys snicker and chug their brewskies. Those in power feign surprised disappointment.

BRAD

Brother Chip, am I mistaken or did that sound like a bribe to you?

CHIP

(belches)

I must admit, Brother Brad, it did sound suspiciously bribe-like to moi. Brother Chett?

CHETT

I too sensed the presence of bribery here in the rec room, Brother Chett.

CHIP

Chip. You're Chett.

CHETT

(confused)

Oh, yeah.

Ryan jumps in.

RYAN

Whoa, whoa, whoa, put on the brakes! Gentlemen! Joke. Just a joke. Merely my way of showing how a good sense of humor is vital to maintaining both strong character and a strong organization.

CHRIS

(sotto, sarcastic)

Good save.

The frat guys stare at them like two rows of Beethoven busts. They are not amused. Brad exchanges glances with his bros.

BRAD

(after a pause)

Tell you what. Would you fellows give me and the bros a few minutes to deliberate?

RYAN

Absolutely.

He and Chris are escorted to the door. The Beta brothers are all smiles. Once they are out, and the door is closed, ALL the fratters look at each other and nod.

ALL THE FRATTERS

Fags.

39 INT. FRATERNITY MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Chris and Ryan stand outside the door, pledge party all around them. They don't look at each other.

CHRIS

Remember earlier this evening -- I asked you to remind me to kill you some time?

RYAN

God, I was revolting, wasn't I?

The door behind them opens.

FRAT GUY

Men?

He holds the door open for them.

RYAN

He called us men. That's a good sign.

40 INT. FRAT REC ROOM - AS BEFORE

The guys back in their straight-back-firing-squad chairs.

BRAD

Gentlemen. The brothers and I have discussed this in some detail...

Chris and Ryan trade looks. They were out of the room for all of five seconds.

BRAD

(cont'd)

And though I can't make any promises, I do have a proposal... IF... you guys... were willing to perform a little act of devotion -- some task that would prove the sincerity of your feelings toward this organization... maybe, just maybe, we could work something out.

RYAN

That'd be swell, Brother Brad.

CHRIS

(really concerned)

We don't have to have sex with a farm animal, do we?

Some of the guys look at each other, like, "Hnnnnnnnn..."

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

BRAD

Interesting suggestion, but no, we had something a little more... challenging in mind.

CHRIS

(a big swallow)

More challenging. Oh good.

41 EXT. BETA HOUSE - NIGHT

The guys come down the front walk. The party action continues behind them. You can hear the MUSIC for blocks.

RYAN

She isn't worth this, is she?

Chris gives him a look, like: "Of course she is."

RYAN

(shrinking)

Okay, okay.

CHRIS

Look at it this way: at least we don't have to have sex with a farm animal.

They head off into the night.

RYAN

Hey, you might like it. You wouldn't want Cynthia any more.

CHRIS

That's not funny.

RYAN

No, I'm serious. No, I am.

42 INT. FRAT. MAIN ROOM

The meeting over, frat guys come out of the rec room to resume partying. Several of the bros surround Brad. One hands him a new beer, which he promptly swigs.

FRAT GUY

If they pull this off, are we really gonna let 'em in?

Brad snickers.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

BRAD

Get serious.

The guys laugh, exchange high-fives, etc.

Brad's eyes light up, as a girl approaches him. He kisses her.

BRAD

Where you been, babe?

IT IS CYNTHIA.

CYNTHIA

Oh, Rush stuff. I'm all yours now.

He puts his arm around her, and they turn and head up the stairs.

BRAD

That's what I like to hear...

As they ascend to the second floor, and out of sight, the party continues...

DISSOLVE:

43 INT. UNIVERSITY BASEMENT CORRIDOR - MOVING WITH

A YOUNG SCIENTIST. Glasses, lab coat, clipboard, I.D. badge. Probably a Grad Student. His footsteps ECHO down the dim, musty, drab, spooky corridor.

His face goes in and out of shadow due to the row of single overheads that line the ceiling.

He approaches a thick-framed door with a small code-lock box beside it. The words "KEEP OUT" and "NO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL" are decorated loudly all over the door.

The scientist pulls a key from a key ring, and inserts it in the code-lock box. He turns the key, and a small panel slides open on the box REVEALING a glowing computer keyboard.

The scientist punches a number in. Then another. With each digit, he appears more uncertain, as if trying to remember the code as he goes along.

He scratches his head, then slouches, looking at the code-lock.

YOUNG SCIENTIST

God damn it!

He's stuck. He racks his brain. No dice. CURSING, he turns around and heads back up the corridor.

44 INT. MED CENTER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The young scientist at a pay-phone. He drops a dime, and quickly punches a phone number.

YOUNG SCIENTIST

Oh, sure, you know that number... Hi, Rudy? Tom. Listen, I'm on campus, I've got lab duty, and -- Yeah, I can't remember the new code number for the Goddamn security lock...

A door opens behind him in the b.g., but he is oblivious. TWO FIGURES ENTER, stealthily. One with crutches.

YOUNG SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

... I know, I got the first four digits, I just can't remember the -- Yeah, it's in my notebook, I'd really appreciate it...

One of the figures in the b.g. starts to leave, and the other must grab him and physically pull him back in. That's right: CHRIS AND RYAN. They are careful not make too much noise.

YOUNG SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

Right. On my desk... I'll wait, yeah...

He expels a breath of frustration. Chris and Ryan are GONE.

45 INT. UNIVERSITY BASEMENT CORRIDOR

As before. Quiet. Then VOICES. The guys come around the corner.

RYAN

Why can't they just have a sign?

They move up the corridor, looking for hints as to where to find an unused corpse. They stop by the door, the door which Ryan notices, but Chris does not.

CHRIS

A sign. What, "Corpses for Use in Wacky Fraternity Pranks -- This Way"?!

Ryan looks at the glowing computer keyboard. Just as Chris turns and SEES the top secret code-lock --

CHRIS

Come on, the morgue's gotta be around here somewhhaaat the hell are you doing?!

-- Ryan punches one of the numbers, and the DOOR abruptly OPENS with the HISS like something out of Star Trek.

CHRIS

What the hell did you do?!

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

RYAN

I don't know.

The door is fully open... the inside dark and beckoning.

CHRIS

What's in there?!

RYAN

I don't know.

(a beat)

Come on.

He heads in.

CHRIS

You're kidding, right?

46 INT. MED CENTER CORRIDOR

The young scientist on the phone, still waiting.

YOUNG SCIENTIST

Yeah, I'm still here. Look, did you check the -- wait, what color's the notebook? Is the blue one there? I don't know, it's there SOMEWHERE!...

He expels a breath, and settles in to wait some more.

47 INT. CRYOGENIC LAB - PITCH DARKNESS

except for the dim light from the corridor. Chris stands tentatively in the doorway. Ryan bumps into something in the darkness.

RYAN

Ow!

CHRIS

Watch it!

RYAN

Oh, thanks. Thanks a lot. How 'bout looking for the lights?

CHRIS

How can I look for the lights? I can't see anything!

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

RYAN

Feel for it, moron! Pretend the wall is that dreamboat of yours who's responsible for all this!

Chris fumbles for the lights.

CHRIS

Oooh, that was low. One of these days --

He finds the switch, and flicks it, but rather than full-on, harsh light, the lab is suddenly crossed with moody, creepy, scary, atmospheric spots from odd corners.

Take for example the lonely spot on the face of the twenty-five-years-dead corpse of KEN, the frat boy from our prologue, who is encased behind frosty glass in a huge, inset, coffin-like booth, where the naked body can be seen hooked to wires.

Even with the eyes closed, the image of the face is startling.

It startles US, anyway. It MORE than startles the guys. In actual fact, it scares the proverbial living shit out of them.

RYAN

Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God.

(a beat)

Is it using the Lord's name in vain to say "oh my God" a whole bunch of times?

Chris ventures into the creepy laboratory. He is stunned.

CHRIS

I think you're allowed to break commandments in certain situations.

RYAN

How 'bout getting the shit scared outa you by a scary, creepy dead guy in a refrigerated coffin?

CHRIS

I think that qualifies.

They approach the booth, noting the melange of electronic equipment that surrounds them. Most of it is circa the late 50's, but some more modern technology has been incorporated.

Consoles, meters, gages, buttons, screens. You name it.

CHRIS

Are you sure he's dead?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

RYAN

He's not well, that's for sure. I wonder who he is...

CHRIS

Walt Disney. How the hell should I know? Let's get out of here.

RYAN

(fascinated)

How long has he been here?

CHRIS

What am I? A tour guide? Anyway, he's sealed up. Come on.

RYAN

Wait.

CHRIS

For what? The cops? Ryan, our stupid mission is to get a cadaver and dump it on the front steps of the P.O.G. house. This guy is obviously part of some experiment.

Ryan is checking out the control and monitoring banks. He looks at the nearest panel console, and reads aloud:

RYAN

"CSS. Cryogenic Stasis System"?

CHRIS

Will you come on!?

Ryan flicks a series of switches -- and some of the equipment comes to life. Screens hum to life. Tiny colored lights.

CHRIS

You didn't do that. You didn't actually press those buttons. This is all a dream. I'm still asleep in the library.

Ryan is really, really excited.

RYAN

"Cryogenics"! Chris, do you know what this is? Have you heard of freeze-dried coffee?

Chris looks at him like he's banana-land.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Well, that's a freeze-dried human! A corpsicle!

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (3)

CHRIS

You mean, like suspended animation?

RYAN

Yes! Like, you freeze somebody while they're alive, then thaw 'em out like a TV dinner a hundred years later? We're talking total science fiction here!

CHRIS

Jesus, that means -- that guy was probably living and breathing before MTV was even invented...

He is struck with awe by this mind-numbing revelation. Ryan, is, of course, looking around for some way to exploit this situation. He reads another control panel.

RYAN

Ah hah! 'DISENGAGE'.

And reaches for the switch.

CHRIS

WAIT!

Ryan freezes with his hand inches from the switch. Chris clasps his hands together in prayer.

CHRIS

Ryan. This is very important, so I want you to listen to me very carefully. I'll talk slowly. Do not, I repeat, do NOT touch that switch. It's a bad idea. I implore you. I beg you. Do NOT -- touch -- that -- switch.

48 INT. MED CENTER CORRIDOR

The young scientist explodes with joy and relief.

YOUNG SCIENTIST

That's it! I love you! Great! That's what I needed, thanks a million!

He hangs up.

49 INT. CRYOGENICS LAB

WE START ON the face of the dead KEN... then PULL BACK FOR A FULL REVEAL AS the encasement's seams SPLIT OPEN with a MOAN of hydraulics, and the HISS of escaping steam and carbon gasses.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

Like the opening of a tomb that's being exposed to oxygen for the first time in thousands of years...

Ryan looks on proudly. Chris is remarkably calm.

CHRIS

I see. Well. Fine. See, the problem, here, is, I don't think you quite understood exactly what I said, you see, what I said was, I said do not touch that switch. Do not. NOT? As in negative? As in DO NOT TOUCH THAT SWITCH, AS IN, I DON'T BELIEVE YOU, YOU'RE INSANE, YOU'RE CRAZY, YOU'RE A NUTBAR!!! IF YOU WEREN'T CRIPPLED, I'D CRIPPLE YOU!!!!

RYAN

(smugly)

Yeah, isn't it great?

A beat. Ryan moves toward the exposed corpse.

RYAN

So. You gonna help me, or what?

CHRIS

This isn't happening.

50 INT. MED CENTER STAIRWELL

The young scientist comes skipping down the stairs to the basement, whistling softly.

51 INT. CRYOGENICS LAB

Ryan is shouldering the dead Ken, while Chris tries to hold him up by the buttocks.

52 INT. UNIVERSITY BASEMENT CORRIDOR

The young scientist turns the corner, and strides toward the cryogenics lab.

53 INT. CRYOGENICS LAB

The guys balance the corpse precariously in an even more awkward and hilarious pose. Ryan's dependancy on crutches make this blacker comedy than it already is.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON CHRIS

as the corpse's face drops to within inches of his own. Chris almost gags. This is gross, and --

CLOSE ON THE CORPSE'S HAND

as it also drops, dead and lifeless, near Ryan's hand.

54 INT. UNIVERSITY BASEMENT CORRIDOR

The young scientist approaches the lab door, and SEES:

YOUNG SCIENTIST'S P.O.V. - MOVING TOWARD DOOR

That the door is OPEN, and the lights are ON inside.

55 INT. CRYOGENICS LAB - CLOSE ON CHRIS

struggling to balance the body, the face inches from his own, and -- suddenly -- the corpse's eyes OPEN! AND --

CLOSE ON CORPSE'S HAND

as IT, TOO, COMES TO LIFE and GRABS RYAN'S HAND, AND --

YOUNG SCIENTIST'S P.O.V. - JUST OUTSIDE THE DOORWAY

SPEEDING UP to see what's going on and suddenly WE HEAR the guys' TERRIFIED SCREAMS, AND --

56 INT. UNIVERSITY BASEMENT CORRIDOR

Chris and Ryan BLAST OUT past the startled young scientist, SCREAMING for all they're worth, knocking the poor guy aside like he's a revolving door.

Ryan has never gone faster on crutches. Forget the Special Olympics, you could put him up against Mary Decker at the speed he's going.

YOUNG SCIENTIST

HEY!

But he's torn -- follow the kids, or see what damage has been done? The decision takes just long enough for Chris and Ryan to be long gone, so he opts for the latter... and goes in to the lab...

57 INT. CRYOGENICS LAB

He immediately sees the open cryogenic booth, and the corpse of Ken lying sprawled on the floor.

YOUNG SCIENTIST

Oh my God...

He goes to the corpse, and kneels to it. We SEE that the electrode cups are still attached to the temples, though most of the other monitoring lines have been pulled loose.

CAMERA MOVES IN on a glowing monitor screen, a straight, steady green line scan line accompanied by a low-pitched drone. Then --

BLEEP. The scan line jerks. Then BLEEP. Again. Steady. Every few inches on the screen. Movement. Activity.

The screen is marked: 'BRAIN SCAN'.

WE ARE TIGHT ON THE MONITOR SCREEN.

From o.s., WE HEAR a SLAP -- then a tustle -- then the young scientist GURGLING and struggling...

Then a revolting SQUISH-SQUISH-SPLAT sound, exactly like the one we heard when the squiggle from space jumped into Ken's face twenty-five years ago...

SLAM CUT TO:

58 INT. DORMITORY LOBBY - NIGHT

Over-lit. ROCK MUSIC piped in. STUDENTS sitting in tattered furniture, talking, or checking the activities calender, or dribbling basketballs, or hanging out at the front desk.

SUDDENLY -- Chris and Ryan come blasting through the front doors, and run across the lobby at 40 m.p.h.

The DORMIES watch them pass, confused and amused.

59 INT. DORM CORRIDOR - TRUCKING AT 40 M.P.H.

with Chris and Ryan, like a Peter Hyams chase scene, as they bolt up the hall, and Chris is in the lead of course, so he fishes for his keys, and gets ready to use them, and --

60 INT. CHRIS AND RYAN'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

A depressing blue-painted pill-box of a room with two bunks and two built-in desks and two lamps and two closets and that's it.

We hear KEYS in the door -- then it flies open, and the guys dive IN, and SLAM it shut again, AND --

61 INT. DORM CORRIDOR

DORMIES look at the door, exchange glances, laugh, etc.

62 INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Chris sits with his back up against the door, sweating and breathing as hard as he ever has in his life. Ryan lies on one of the bunks doing pretty much the same thing.

CHRIS

Now, what?

RYAN

How 'bout (pant pant) we get machine guns (pant pant) and shoot the windows out (pant) and yell "Come 'n get me, ya dirty coppers!"?

CHRIS

That's hilarious. That's your actual riot. Everything's a joke tonight, huh?

Ryan's response surprises us, and it especially surprises Chris.

RYAN

Hey, fuck you, Chris!

He pulls himself up on the bunk to face his friend.

RYAN

Every single day I put up with your moaning about what's-her-name and how you wish you could fall in love again but you're always too chicken-shit to do anything about it, and then this Cynthia girl comes along, and I say to myself, oh brother, not again, this song is getting really old, and then I look in your eyes, and I see something I don't recognize -- something I never saw there before, so I say hey, what the hell, I'M sure as hell never gonna get laid, so why don't I help my best friend out, so YOU say "Ryan, help, we gotta join the fraternity so she'll give me the time of day," so I say, okay, if we gotta do it, we gotta do it, and what do I do? I bust my ass to help you, and then you get chickenshit again, and I push, and I push, and I don't give up, because it's important, because I want you to be happy, and if we have to act like jerks and get in trouble in order to do that, well what the hell, it's better than being jerks for no reason, right?

(more)

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

RYAN (Cont'd)

So, YEAH, everything IS a joke, all right,
because if you take it seriously, you'll
just be depressed all the time, like YOU
are, so fuck you!

He lies back down and looks at the ceiling. Exhausted. Spent.

Chris doesn't know what to say. He runs his hand through his hair.

CHRIS

Yeah, well, fuck you, too.

RYAN

You'd try it.

CHRIS

You'd let me.

RYAN

You'd want me to.

CHRIS

You wish.

RYAN

(pause)

Are we done?

CHRIS

Sure.

RYAN

Good.

CHRIS

I'm sorry I was an asshole.

RYAN

Hey. If you weren't an asshole, the girls
might like you.

CHRIS

Throw me that pillow.

Ryan throws him that pillow.

CHRIS

Thanks.

He HURLS it back at Ryan violently, and on their LAUGHTER, WE:

SLAM CUT TO:

63

EXT. THE MEDITERRANEAN - DAY

The horizon. The sea is a placid plain of speckled turquoise, the sky a vast endless expanse of bright blue.

The LAUGHTER from the last scene becomes that of MANY PEOPLE. It ECHOES and melds with the sound of the SURF, as... an exotic drink in a coconut shell comes into sharp focus, and --

SHANE BLACK

takes the drink from the bronzed, bikin-clad POLYNESIAN GIRL that handed it to him.

He is wearing a white tuxedo that almost blends in with the sand of the beach surrounding him.

He takes the little paper umbrella from his drink, then the straw. He licks the straw, then stirs the drink, starts to sip.

Then he SEES something...

THE SURF

as a figure rises from it, a girl, a fairly great-looking girl, too, in fact, a girl we recognize, since it is DEBBIE, the sorority girl from our prologue, looking greater than we ever saw her, as she rises from the water, wearing a prom dress, holding a corsage and looking lovely, her hair up, because she's dressed for the prom, and the weird part is, she's coming OUT of the water, right? But she isn't wet. (THIS IS, of course, REVERSE PHOTOGRAPHY), and

CLOSE UP - BLACK

staring, eyes wide, setting his drink down, rising and --

DEBBIE - TELEPHOTO

as she smiles, beckoning him, turning, maybe to return to the sea, letting her hair down, looking over her shoulder, and

BLACK

is having a hard time seeing her now, because all these PRETTY PEOPLE, young, rich, attractive, are all walking back and forth in front of him, GUYS and GIRLS with gorgeous tans in skimpy bathing suits, and anyone in their right mind would want to watch the parade of flesh, right? But not Black, because he's concerned with Debbie, and in fact, begins to SCREAM to her, but nothing comes out, except THE SOUND OF A BUS AND --

64 EXT. SEAMY CITY STREET - NIGHT

Neon and rain washed streets, as the BUS ROARS BY, revealing Black, still in his white tuxedo, only now he has a gun in his hand; a sawed-off 12-gauge shotgun, and he looks up, and

ACROSS THE STREET

is a tunnel. Not an alley. A tunnel. And all these people, SOME the pretty people from the beach, OTHERS POLICEMEN in uniforms, and HIGH SCHOOL KIDS, crewcuts, letter jackets, Bobby socks, graduation gowns, and ALL these people are laughing and pointing toward the tunnel, and

BLACK

moves toward it, and he sees something on the ground, and he picks it up, and it is

THE CORSAGE

that Debbie was holding, and the LAUGHING gets louder, and

BLACK

approaches the tunnel and he SEES something else on the ground, and he grimaces, and he picks it up, and it is

A SEVERED ARM

with bright red nail polish and bright red blood, and a class ring, and

BLACK

looks back, and all the people are in the street, none of them willing to come in with him, and they are pointing cheerfully, and he turns to look, and down the tunnel

UP AHEAD

WE CAN SEE a figure in an army jacket and muddy boots, swinging a huge axe, chopping at something on the ground over and over and over again, and

BLACK

moves forward, down the tunnel, and his tuxedo is BLACK now, like his name, with a RED tie and shirt and trimmings, and he looks bewildered as he gets nearer, and nearer, and

MOVING TOWARD THE FIGURE

the object on the ground looks like a pile of rags or something, some kind of cloth material and

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

BLACK

looks closer, and he pales, as he realizes, and WE SEE that the material is shiny, satiny, because it IS satin, it is, in fact, Debbie's prom dress, because the pile of rags, is, in fact

DEBBIE'S DISMEMBERED CORPSE

and the dress is splattered with blood now and

THE FIGURE

standing over her keeps CHOPPING, chopping, again and again, chopping her into little pieces, and

BLACK

his face pale with complete horror, raises the shotgun, and YELLS:

BLACK

FREEZE!!!

And COCKS the shotgun.

And the figure turns around.

And grins.

The eyes are gone, and what flesh that remains is decayed. He has been dead a long, long time.

But he keeps on chopping. Chop chop chop. Black SCREAMS, and we

SLAM CUT TO:

65 INT. BLACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

His eyes blink open. Sweat greases his lip and forehead.

BLACK

Jesus! Fuck!... fuck...

He breathes hard and fast. Then he realizes he is in his one bedroom, second floor, six-fifty-a-month beach dive with venetian blinds and the moon peeking in through palm trees.

BLACK

Jesus...

And he realizes, of course, that it was just a dream.

Meet Police DETECTIVE SHANE BLACK; early fifties and not happy about it.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

Take a high school football star, age him thirty years, and fill svery one of them with lousy hours, lousy pay, lousy women, lousy breaks, and good bourbon... you'll end up with Black.

His breathing returns to normal speed, but not without a lot of effort. He stares at the shadows, daring them to try and scare him now that he's conscious... and his defenses are up.

And right when he's calmed down... and we've calmed down... that's when the Goddamn phone RINGS... and scares us all over again. Scares us. Not Black. He just plucks it up.

BLACK

Make it good.

PHONE VOICE

Detective Black?

BLACK

No, Bozo the Clown. Yeah, what, thrill me.

INTERCUT:

66 INT. POLICE H.Q. - ON RAIMI

OFFICER RAIMI, that is. If you look up Weasely Brown-nosing Little Dufus in the Encyclopedia, there's a picture of Raimi. Before he grew his regulation police mustache, that is.

RAIMI

Uh, sir, we got a back-up call from the University Med Center. Some experimental lab's been broken into.

Black fishes for a cigarette.

BLACK

Who is this? Raimi?

RAIMI

Yes, sir.

And lights it as he lectures.

BLACK

Raimi. Do you know where my desk is?

RAIMI

Yes, sir.

BLACK

Do you know what room my desk is in?

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

RAIMI

Yes, sir.

BLACK

Do you know what it says on the door of the
room my desk is in?

RAIMI

Uh...

BLACK

I'll give you a hint, Raimi. It says
'homicide'. As in murder? That means if you
wake me up in the middle of the night about
some experimental lab's been broken into,
there better be a murder. And the way you
can tell there's a murder is, there's a dead
body involved. Is there a dead body
involved, Raimi?

RAIMI

Uh, yes, sir. Two, sir.

BLACK

There are two bodies? Now we're getting
somewhere. Now. Raimi. I want you to do me
a favor. Next time you call me in the middle
of the night to say there's two bodies and
would I come down to a campus lab and check
it out, I want you to say it like this:
"Detective Black, this is Raimi. There are
two dead bodies, and would you come down
to a campus lab and check it out". Can you
handle that?

RAIMI

Yes, sir! -- Detective Black, this is Raimi.
There are two --

BLACK

I got it, I got it.

RAIMI

Yes, sir.

BLACK

And one more thing, Raimi.

RAIMI

Yes, sir.

BLACK

Stop saying "Yes, sir".

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

RAIMI

Yes, s-- I mean --

Black hangs up.

BLACK

Wonderful.

67 INT. CRYOGENICS LAB

POLICE INVESTIGATORS, dusting for prints, taking flash photos, talking in low tones. The full complement of city-funded activity that occurs when somebody mysteriously croaks in a University research lab.

The CORONER and his team kneel, zipping up the young scientist's body in a giant baggie. The other body -- KEN's -- is nowhere in sight.

Black enters, wearing a Hawaiian-print shirt under his official Philip Marlowe trenchcoat. As he walks, he flips his badge open from its leather holder, and places it face-out in his shirt pocket. A uniformed PATROLMAN approaches him.

PATROLMAN

Detective Black?

BLACK

No, Bullwinkle the Moose. Thrill me.

Black's partner, MURPHY, steps up.

MURPHY

Hey, Shane. You're looking at your actual cryogenics lab. They've been keeping this kid's body on ice since 1959.

The mention of that year seems to jolt Black a little. Nothing you notice, but still... He pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

BLACK

What is this, a homicide or a bad B movie?
(indicates the young
scientist's body)

What's that?

He lights a cig. You get the feeling he likes lighting them more than actually smoking them.

MURPHY

Was a Grad Student. Lab technician. He was scheduled to work in here this evening.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

BLACK

Looks like he worked a little too hard. I s'pose Rip Van Winkle is the other body. Where is it?

PATROLMAN

The body isn't here, sir.

BLACK

What, he have a date? What do you mean it's not here? The coroner take it?

The CORONER himself looks up from his work. He is eating a sandwich.

CORONER

I just got here.

BLACK

(confused)

I'm confused. I was told there was two bodies. Raimi?

He has hailed the weasely brown-nosing little dufus who called Black in the first place.

RAIMI

Yes, sir.

BLACK

A) I told you to knock off the 'Yes, sir' shit, and b) I thought we cleared this up. Now you told me there were two bodies. I only see one. You do know the difference, don't you? It wasn't on the police exam or anything, but if you use your widdle fingews, it's real easy. Watch.

(holds up a finger)

One.

(holds up two fingers)

Two. See? Piece of cake.

PATROLMAN

There were two, sir. I left my partner with them for a few minutes when I radioed dispatch, and when I got back --

A second NERVOUS PATROLMAN sheepishly steps up, ready to face the music.

BLACK

This is getting old fast. I got woken out of a pleasant dream for this.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

BLACK (Cont'd)

Now are you going to explain, or am I gonna
play poo patrol with your night stick?

The nervous cop's gaze flicks back and forth. He looks
everywhere but into Black's eyes.

NERVOUS PATROLMAN

I was alone with them, all right? It wasn't
pleasant, all right? I HAD TO GO TO THE
BATHROOM, ALL RIGHT?!

Black looks at him with a combination of the compassion he wants
to feel and the disdain he thinks he's supposed to.

BLACK

Wonderful. Fine. Candy-assed, but fine.
There's only one minor problem.

(a beat)

Corpses that have been dead for twenty-five
years do NOT GET UP AND GO FOR A WALK BY
THEMSELVES!!

68 EXT. CAMPUS - MOVING SHOT - WITH FEET - NIGHT

Blue-ish, dead-looking feet, walking slowly and sluggishly. Like a
zombie...

69 EXT. KAPPA DELTA HOUSE - NIGHT

Brad and Cynthia come up the sidewalk, arm in arm. Brad is
talking and laughing. They stop at the bottom of the steps.

BRAD

So -- lunch tomorrow?

Cynthia nods. He kisses her.

BRAD

Awright... Later, babe.

He kisses her again. Some other STUDENTS pass. Brad puts his
hands in his jacket pockets, heads off.

Cynthia watches him for a moment. Troubled. Then she heads in
toward the sorority. A COUPLE is making out on the front porch
as she goes in.

70 EXT. SORORITY ROW - WITH BRAD

whistling... WE MOVE DOWN to FOLLOW HIS FEET, then, as they head off on a path across campus --

ANOTHER PAIR OF FEET

come into frame. The naked, blue-ish feet, dragging along as if under a power other than their owner's.

71 INT. SORORITY FRONT HALL - NIGHT

More COUPLES saying good-night with their tongues. GIRLS walk back and forth in sweats. Hair up. Some even in pajamas.

Cynthia has just entered, and starts up the stairs as a sis, JUDY, comes into view with a huge box of thick jars. We cannot see what's in them, but we hear them CLANKING together.

JUDY

Prez?

Cynthia turns, looks down.

JUDY

Lori told me to ask you if I can store these in the house 'til Monday. Is that okay?

CYNTHIA

What are they?

JUDY

Well, they're kind of brains. For our bio class? We have to dissect 'em.

Nearby GIRLS erupt in a chorus of "Gross!" and "Barf me out!".

CYNTHIA

Ick! Human brains?

Judy nods. The GIRLS resume their "Ooooooh, gross!"s.

JUDY

How 'bout the basement?

CYNTHIA

I guess so. I sure don't want 'em up here.

Judy exits, and Cynthia continues trudging up the stairs as another sis comes DOWN, arms loaded with books. We'll call her KAREN. The sis, that is. Not the arms or the books.

KAREN

Hey, Cutey.

CYNTHIA

Hi, Karen.

72 INT. SORORITY UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

And upstairs is where the underwear action is, since men aren't allowed access up here without passing some rigorous, medaeval rite, or if the house mother doesn't know.

Yessiree, we're talking girls, girls, girls. Bras, panties, nighties, teddies. I mean, let's be adults here.

As Cynthia comes into view, she dodges a sorority sister flying by with a tooth brush and hair dryer (there are a LOT of hair dryers on the second floors of sororities).

Cynthia goes to the door to her room, as a sis, ROXANNE, sticks her head out another door to check out the hall action.

ROXANNE

Hey, Cyn. How was Beta rush?

CYNTHIA

It was okay.

ROXANNE

I smell Brad trouble. You wanna talk about it?

CYNTHIA

Nah. Thanks, though.

She goes into her room.

73 INT. SORORITY BEDROOM - NIGHT

We recognize the lay-out of DEBBIE'S ROOM, from our prologue.

The quilted bedspreads and stuffed animals have been replaced by different bedspreads and stuffed animals, and Elvis has been replaced by Sting. Other than that, it looks about the same.

Cynthia closes the door. She is alone, her roomies still out.

She leaves the lights out, the room illuminated by soft blue moonlight coming through the window. She dives onto her bed.

74 EXT. KAPPA DELTA HOUSE - SIDEWALK

A car-load of rowdy STUDENTS lets some GIRLS out. They LAUGH and head down the sidewalk AS --

THE NAKED DEAD-LOOKING FEET walk into view...

75 INT. SORORITY LOUNGE - NIGHT

A STUDYING GIRL gets up to leave.

KAREN, the girl who passed Cynthia on the stairs, comes in from the kitchen with a cup of coffee.

STUDYING GIRL
'Night, Kar.

KAREN
'Night.

Karen slumps on a couch, her load of books piled on the table before her. She sips her coffee, and opens one of the books.

76 INT. SORORITY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cynthia rises from the bed, and begins to undo her blouse.

77 EXT. KAPPA DELTA HOUSE - ANGLE ON GROUND

as the dead zombie-ish feet walk into frame...

78 INT. SORORITY LOUNGE - KAREN STUDYING

There is a SCRATCHING SOUND. Karen looks up. Her brow furrows.

LOUNGE DOOR

WE SLOWLY DOLLY IN TO IT, because it is the door to the outside patio, which means whoever, or whatever is scratching, is scratching from outside the house...

KAREN

slowly rises... and goes to the door...

CLOSE ON THE DOOR

as she grips the knob... and turns it -- and WE TILT DOWN TO SEE
GORDON

Gordon the CAT, that is, 'MEWING' pleasantly, and as fat and fluffy and cool and good-natured a cat you've never met, and he comes in, still 'MEWING', rubbing himself on the door-frame, and

KAREN

picks him up and closes the door.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

KAREN
(baby-talk)
Hi, Gordon. Hi, Sweetie. Where you been,
huh? Where you been? Come to help me
study?...

79 INT. SORORITY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cynthia's in her underwear now; bra and panties, and perhaps there's something I forgot to mention about Cynthia, but there's no point now, because you can see for yourself: to say she has a great body is like saying Michaelangelo could draw.

Her hair glistens in the moonlight, and she pulls on a sheer, see-through nightie that she would only wear if she was the ingenue in a low budget exploitation movie like this one.

Once the nightie is on, she reaches back and unfastens her bra, and pulls it off, and if you think we cut away from her breasts, think again, pal. Then...

CLINK. CLINK! Cynthia looks up. A few seconds pass. Then -- again -- CLINK!

The window.

Cynthia fastens the front of her nightie, and goes to it. She pulls back the curtains, and looks out.

80 CYNTHIA'S P.O.V. - LOOKING OUT WINDOW

down onto the front of the sorority. And there's Ken. Grinning. A handfull of pebbles. Romantic guy, Ken.

Except he's been dead for twenty-five years, and he isn't as good-looking as he used to be.

CLOSE - ON CYNTHIA

as her expression makes the transition from confusion to horror.

81 INT. SORORITY FRONT HALLWAY

A FRAT GUY finishes saying goodnight to his GIRLFRIEND.

And he gives her one last kiss, and opens the door --

And the GIRL SCREAMS --

And the guy LOOKS --

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

And he SLAMS THE DOOR on the horrible vision, but not before we can see the naked, starting-to-rot corpse of Ken, as he grins and stands in the doorway to greet his date, holding a flower he picked from out front, and what's left of his filmy, glazed eyes roll up into the sockets, and --

82 EXT. KAPPA DELTA - NIGHT - A PATROL VEHICLE LIGHT-BAR,

FLASHES COLORS at the lens as Detective Black walks past it, and

WE FOLLOW HIM up the steps of the sorority, now clogged with POLICEMEN AND I.D. TECHNICIANS, taking flash photos, and talking in low tones. The full complement of city-funded activity that occurs when somebody mysteriously croaks on the steps of a sorority house. Police band RADIOS SQUAWK.

Black approaches the CORONER and his team, who are about to zip Ken's body up in its baggie. The coroner is, again, eating.

CORONER

This that body you were looking for,
detective?

RAIMI stands nearby.

BLACK

There's gotta be an easier way to teach you
how to count.

CORONER (o.s.)

Oh, Detective?

BLACK

Yeah, what, thrill me.

CORONER

Just thought you might want a good look at
this before we pack it up.

Black looks.

BLACK'S P.O.V. - AS WE TILT DOWN

from the eating coroner, as he pulls back the sheet inside the body bag TO REVEAL the head of the corpse lying on the ground.

Only that's just the problem -- because Ken doesn't have a head any more, not in the conventional sense, because what was his head is now a blue mash of shattered skull and splattered pulp.

It looks like his head has exploded from the inside-out.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

ON BLACK

And though he's seen it all, even this gets to him. He turns away, and goes for a new cigarette, as they zip up the body and carry it away.

BLACK

Jee -- sus Christ.

Black goes to the edge of the porch, and lights his cigarette as he looks across the street:

83 BLACK'S P.O.V.

The condo across the street. No biggie. Just a condo. But:

BLACK

looks at it strangely, distant, like it's important, like it means something, and

84 SERIES OF FLASHCUTS - BLACK'S MEMORIES (BLACK-AND-WHITE FILM)

QUICK GLIMPSES OF:

-- A clothed BODY being wrapped in plastic under a flashlight --

-- A HOLE being dug in the earth with a shovel --

-- the plastic-wrapped body now lying in the hole, and DIRT being shoveled in on top of it, and --

BLACK - BACK TO PRESENT

as his cigarette glows, and he remembers... His partner steps up behind him, puts his hand on Black's shoulder.

MURPHY

I know what you're thinking, Shane, and knock it off.

BLACK

(distant, re: the body)

Did that look to you like an axe could have done it?

MURPHY

I said stop it. That psycho disappeared twenty-five years ago, and you know it. Do you get off on living in the past?

Black doesn't answer. Just puffs his cigarette. And looks off...

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

SORORITY GIRLS

are gathered on the porch in their night-clothes, shivering, watching the police do their jobs.

PATROLMAN

Stay back, girls. You don't want to see this.

WE PAN ACROSS their young, frightened faces, and WE REST on a particularly pretty, young frightened face: CYNTHIA's. She looks cold and pale, but more than that -- changed.

She looks like she has seen a ghost.

DISSOLVE:

CLOSE ON SCHOOL NEWSPAPER

The front page story is on the mysterious 'HEADLESS CORPSE FOUND IN FRONT OF KAPPA DELTA'.

85 INT. COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - DAY

Chris and Ryan sitting slouched in their auditorium chairs, as the REST OF THE CLASS filters in. Chris is holding the paper, Ryan looking on. They frown and look at each other.

As Chris reads the details, Ryan nudges him. Chris looks up in the direction of his friend's serious gaze.

THEIR P.O.V. - BRAD

and the other Betas, sitting down across the room, and looking daggers at our heroes. The kind of glares you hate getting from anyone, but especially Betas.

FULL SHOT - LECTURE HALL

as the PROFESSOR enters, plops his things on the podium at the front and writes a word on the chalkboard.

Ryan takes a small cassette recorder out of his backpack, and sets it on his desk with the condenser mic pointed at the prof. The prof finishes writing and picks up a long wooden pointer.

The class quiets down. Ryan presses 'RECORD'.

PROFESSOR

'Paleo-biology'. Now, I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, "Sure, it's a nifty word, but hey! What the heck does it mean?"...

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

Chris begins scribbling notes. He and Ryan try to concentrate on the lecture. But it isn't easy. Because:

BRAD AND THE BETAS

do not take their grilling eyes off our guys for one second.

86 EXT. UNIVERSITY QUAD - DAY

STUDENTS pour out of a building... and WE FOLLOW Chris and Ryan.

They stop in their tracks, their path blocked by CHETT, CHIP, a couple of the Beta Brothers. Our guys turn around to go the other way. But no dice, of course, because there's:

BRAD

That was not too cool, bros. Okay, so we put you up to it, but we said the Phi Omega Gamma house, not the Kappa Delta sorority! Do you know the difference?

CHRIS

(tense pause)

It's all Greek to me.

Brad and the bros don't see the humor.

CHRIS

(embarrassed laugh)

Heh heh. Little joke.

The bros close in.

BRAD

We don't see the humor. My li'l sis happens to be President of that house!

RYAN

Excuse me, is that "li'l" as in L -- I -- apostrophe -- L?

BRAD

(ignoring him)

A lot of girls were seriously freaked out last night, thanks to you!

RYAN

Wait a minute, Brother Bratskeller! A) that little stunt was your Nobel prize-winning idea, and b) we didn't even pull it off 'cause we chickened out, okay? So get off our case and go practice goose-stepping or some-thing!

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

And what happens next is really rather startling. No exploding heads or zombies or anything, but something disturbing nonetheless, and what happens is this: Brad kicks one of Ryan's crutches out from under his arm. Ryan goes down.

CYNTHIA

BRAD -- STOP IT!!

Cynthia has just appeared, with some FRIENDS. A small crowd is gathering. Brad gestures for her to stay back; that he has a handle on this situation. Ryan reaches for his crutch.

BRAD

... Sorry, dorks. Don't take it personal...

He turns to go, and his bros follow. He stops by Cynthia.

BRAD

Comin', babe?

A beat. Then Cynthia holds up her hand, and mimes turning a crank-gib. As she cranks, her middle finger raises as the other fingers lower; flipping Brad the proverbial bird.

The assembled STUDENTS APPLAUD, and Brad can only glare and huff away with his contingent. He's down for the count this round.

Cynthia dashes to Ryan, who is struggling up. He refuses her help.

RYAN

I got it.

He manages to stand again on both crutches.

CYNTHIA

I'm really sorry.

RYAN

What did you do?

He looks down, and pulls his cassette machine out of his jacket pocket. A CLOSE-UP reveals that it has accidentally been recording. Ryan turns it off, and looks toward the diminishing Brad Corps. Chris says nothing.

RYAN

"In the tradition of Adolph Hitler and Senator Joe McCarthy -- it's the incredible BRAD! THRILL to his amazing stupidity! SWOON at his action-packed prejudice! GASP - WITH AWE at his gang of primitive butt-licking thugs-- half-man, half-ape--"

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

He's so enraged, he can't even continue the bilious tirade.

CHRIS

(to Cynthia)

We didn't do it. We really didn't.

CYNTHIA

I believe you.

Chris is trying not to stare at her. Ryan, realizing the awkwardness of the situation, goes about making introductions.

RYAN

Uh, for the record:

("presenting" her)

This is Cynthia Cronenberg.

("presenting" them)

We're --

MURPHY (o.s.)

Chris Carpenter and Ryan Romero?

They turn --

And there's Black's partner, DETECTIVE MURPHY. He holds up his neat little badge and everything. Real official.

MURPHY

I'm Detective Murphy. Homicide. Would you boys come with me, please? We'd like to have a word with you down at the station.

Ryan looks at Chris.

RYAN

Just when I thought things couldn't get better.

CHRIS

Swell to be alive, isn't it?

But of course, he's looking at Cynthia. And wouldn't you know it, she's looking right back. There is a great weight in her expression. She is about to say something, but it's too late.

Off go the guys with Detective Murphy.

Some of Cynthia's sorority sisters are nearby. ONE of them, BLAIR, is crying. LORI is comforting her. Cynthia goes to her.

CYNTHIA

It's okay, Blair. He's fine, he's a really together guy.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (3)

LORI

It's not that. She's bummed about Gordon.
That kitty that hangs around the sorority?

BLAIR

The house mother found him dead this
morning.

This, too, strikes a chord in Cynthia. She looks in the
direction of Murphy, Chris and Ryan. They are long gone.

87 INT. POLICE MORGUE - DAY

A very sterile and unpleasant room. The corpse of the young
scientist lies on the exam table. The CORONER, eating as usual,
stands over it. Black paces.

CORONER

Would you believe me if I told you: I don't
know how he died?

BLACK

I'd believe you're a lousy coroner. What
do you mean, you don't know?

CORONER

Read my lips: I -- DON'T -- KNOW.

In forcing Black to read his lips, he has also forced him to
read his latest mouthful of Pastrami-on-Rye-Hold-The-Mayo.

BLACK

Cute. Do you ever stop eating?

CORONER

Only when I go home to the wife's cooking.

A POLICE SERGEANT appears in the doorway.

POLICE SERGEANT

Hey, Shane. Murphy brought in those kids
you wanted to see.

BLACK

Wonderful.

88 INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

An even more sterile and unpleasant room than the morgue. Well,
not really, but you get the idea.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

Chris and Ryan sit in chairs very similar to those they sat in during Beta pledge. Black paces back and forth in front of them. In a third chair is an aging oriental man, MR. CUNNINGHAM.

BLACK

Well, if it isn't Spanky and Alfalfa, Either of you guys recognize Mr. Cunningham, here?

The guys shake their heads.

BLACK

Well, he recognizes you. Seems Mr. Cunningham here is the night janitor at the University Med Center. He say he saw you guys running outa there last night at 40 miles-an-hour, screaming like banshees. Care to comment?

(they don't)

Okay. It also seems we found a headless body out in front of the Kappa Delta house last night, a body that came from a lab in the basement of the very Med Center Mr. Cunningham saw you guys running out of... At 40 miles-an-hour...

RYAN

Don't forget screaming like banshees.

BLACK

Sounds like a pledge prank to me... A sick, twisted, psychotic, deranged, demented pledge prank, but still, possibly in the ball park of what you call your collegiate tomfoolery. Care to comment?

RYAN

Detective -- I would rather my brain were invaded by creatures from space than pledge a fraternity.

CHRIS

He's lying. We did it.

Pause. Count on Chris to choke under pressure. Ryan pulls out his cassette recorder as if on cue, and holds it out --

CHRIS

(cont'd)

The Betas told us to find a body and dump it on the steps of another fraternity.

And hits the 'PLAY' button.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (2)

BRAD'S TAPE VOICE

-- Okay, so maybe we put you up to it, but we said the Phi Omega --

Then turns it off, and puts it back in his pocket.

CHRIS

We got into the lab, got the body out of its... thing, then chickened out and ran away.

RYAN

At 40 miles-an-hour.

Mr. Cunningham says, in his primitive-but-improving English, his only line in the movie, and God he's proud of it:

MR. CUNNINGHAM

Screaming like banshees.

Black takes a seat. A mock look of being impressed.

BLACK

Well, I have to say it. That's awful energetic chickening out.

RYAN

It was a nervous response.

Black looks amused.

CHRIS

He means the body. It twitched. Its eyes opened. It spazzed out or something -- felt like it was coming to life...

Black doesn't look amused any more. He rises contemplatively, and goes to the window, and looks out.

CHRIS

(cont'd)

So we freaked out. But I swear to God, we did not move it from that lab and we sure as hell, I mean heck, didn't damage it in any way, and if we did, Mr. Cunningham here woulda seen us, wouldn't he?

But Black isn't listening.

MR. CUNNINGHAM

(nodding and grinning)

Screaming like banshees.

Black just stands there. And looks out the window. And ponders.

DISSOLVE:

89 INT. POLICE MORGUE - EVENING

The coroner has done a disgusting number on the body by now. Incisions, and skin peeled back, and just generally Bleecchhh.

He is getting ready to call it a day, and stuffing Twinkies (TM) in his mouth as he does it. He takes off his gloves, and puts a sheet over the body.

He turns his back on it, and begins to gather his things up.

He has his things (mostly, a lunchbox) in a pile, then puts on his jacket. His back is still to the corpse. He begins marking a checklist. Then...

He leaves the room momentarily. WE HOLD on the corpse...

The coroner comes back, and continues marking the checklist. The SECOND he is back in the room and resumes marking his sheet, the corpse behind him begins to slowly rise from the exam table.

The coroner is oblivious.

The corpse rises, and the sheet falls off, and the hideous sliced up dead young scientist walks out of the room behind the coroner, who chomps on Twinkies, and continues his checklist.

90 INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR

A POLICEMAN is walking and reading a report. The ZOMBIE walks past him, but the cop doesn't look up from his report.

POLICEMAN

See ya tomorrow.

91 EXT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

The gruesome zombie walks off into the night, as we TILT UP TO:
THE MOON

as night falls, and WE PAN DOWN from the lunar orb to a small, lonely grave with a small, lonely, obviously-made-by-sorority-girls tombstone. It reads: 'R.I.P. GORDON THE CAT'.

92 EXT. SORORITY ROW - NIGHT - CAMERA AT SIDEWALK LEVEL

Some GIRLS from another house run out to meet a car, and get inside LAUGHING and CHATTING. The car ROARS away. The sidewalk is quiet for a moment, and just as a SQUIGGLE begins to enter the frame we CUT TO:

93 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE ROW

Distant laughter. MUSIC. Voices. Then that sickening SQUISH-SQUIP sound as some SQUIGGLES whip across the sidewalk, but before we get a good look at one, we CUT TO:

94 STILL ANOTHER ANGLE - THE STREET

And a SQUIGGLE SHOOTS out of frame, and Jesus Christ, it might have been HUGE, but we just don't know because they never, EVER hold still long enough for you to tell, and we always, ALWAYS CUT just as it enters the frame or just as it leaves.

We never see the whole thing, and so the real creepy-ness: we don't know exactly what these these suckers are. Or how big.

95 EXT. KAPPA DELTA - CLOSE ON GORDON'S GRAVE

and JUST as a CREEP SQUIGGLES into frame and toward the little tombstone, WE PAN UP TO SEE activity inside the house.

96 INT. SORORITY FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

as Karen, the studyholic, comes down the stairs with her usual armful of books and notes. The phone in the front hall RINGS; the house phone.

KAREN

I'LL GET IT!!

And she does.

KAREN

Kappa Delta.

97 INT. FRATERNITY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad lies on a bunk, cradling the phone between his shoulder and chin. He is wearing a torn, sleeveless sweatshirt and shorts.

BRAD

Yeah, is Cindy Cronenberg there?

The wallpaper is leopard-skin, and there are posters on the wall of blonde TV actresses named Heather. The lighting is what frat guys like to think is romantic, scoring-wise, but is really just bad for your eyes, reading-wise.

98 INT. SORORITY FRONT HALL - KAREN

as she makes no attempt to cover the mouthpiece, and SCREAMS:

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

KAREN

CIN-DY!!!!

99 INT. SORORITY TV ROOM - NIGHT

Two girls, KATHY and JENNIFER, are watching MTV, in their bathrobes and those big ol' furry slippers that are so cute you just want to fall down.

JENNIFER

Karen?

Kathy nods.

JENNIFER

Hasn't anybody told her about the cat?

KATHY

(shakes her head)

It'd break her heart. Do you wanna do it?

100 INT. SORORITY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cynthia is pretending to study as ROXANNE sticks her head in the door.

ROXANNE

Phone, Cyn.

CYNTHIA

I heard. Thanks.

101 INT. SORORITY FRONT HALL

Cynthia comes down the stairs, and takes the phone from Karen.

CYNTHIA

Hello?

INTERCUT:

BRAD

Hey, babe. It's the Bradster! About the formal tomorrow night, I was thinking, we could take the bus with everyone else, or I was thinking --

CYNTHIA

Brad, I don't know if I want to talk to you right now. In fact, maybe the formal's not too hot of an idea, either.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

BRAD

Hey, hey, lighten up. If it's about those chuckle-heads, this house has a rep, come on... We could catch some deep shit; maybe go on probation. Besides, we only did it for a laugh.

CYNTHIA

Well, it was more like not even cool.

102 INT. SORORITY LOUNGE - NIGHT

Karen settles in with her usual coffee-and-stack-of-books.

103 INT. SORORITY FRONT HALL - BACK TO CYNTHIA (INTERCUT WITH BRAD)

CYNTHIA

I mean, it'd be one thing if you planned to pledge them --

BRAD

Hey, have a cow about it, why don't you? If I knew you were gonna pull a downer like this, I never would have told you!

CYNTHIA

Well, maybe it's better you did! Gives me insight into you!

BRAD

Oh, great! You know all about what goes on in people's brains, don't you?! That's what I get for going with a fucking psych major!

This is too much for Cynthia. She HANGS UP violently.

104 INT. SORORITY LOUNGE

And loudly. Loudly enough for Karen to look up from her studying. She shakes her head. Couples. Who can figure 'em?

Then something else gets her attention...

A SCRATCHING sound.

Karen looks up. The SCRATCHING continues.

It is coming from the patio door.

Karen smiles.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

KAREN

Gordon...

And gets up, bounding to the door with glee, and she grabs the knob, and she yanks the door open, and she SCREAMS SO FUCKING LOUD it's almost but not quite scarier than the actual sight of

GORDON THE CAT

His eyes have been eaten out of the sockets by bugs who are still in there, and his fur is matted and mildewed and covered with the grave-dirt he had to claw his way out of.

He stands there shaking, as if he knows God doesn't approve; a skeleton covered with fur, and he opens his little cat mouth and a brittle, croaking 'MEEEOWW' comes out, along with the maggots that have been working in there since the poor thing was buried.

And poor Karen just screams and screams and screams.

105 INT. MED CENTER BASEMENT - NIGHT - A MOP

is plopped back in its bucket, and MR. CUNNINGHAM the janitor, proceeds to roll the bucket on its wheels up the dim corridor. He HUMS to himself, then chuckles, struck by an amusing thought.

MR. CUNNINGHAM

(shaking his head with
amusement)

Screaming like banshees --

And naturally, THAT'S WHEN THE ZOMBIE OF THE DEAD YOUNG SCIENTIST turns the corner and looms in front of the old oriental man, who -- you guessed it -- SCREAMS like a banshee!

106 INT. BLACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Detective is on his third Jack Daniel's and thumbing through a file of police photos. Old, grainy 8x10 black-and-whites of the scene of a crime: The Ken and Debbie incident.

The PHONE RINGS. As Black rises to get it, we MOVE TO AN OPEN BOOK on the desk. A High School yearbook. It is OPEN TO A PAGE:

There is a photo of DEBBIE, in a cheerleader outfit, circa 1954. Beside her is a beefy, good-looking football player. BLACK.

BLACK

picks up the receiver. We see the alcohol in his eyes.

BLACK

Thrill me.

107 INT. POLICE HQ - NIGHT

You guessed it -- OFFICER Raimi. On the phone.

RAIMI

Detective Black, this is Raimi. There's a dead body. Not two but one, and would you come down to the Med Center and check it out?

108 INT. MED CENTER BASEMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE YOUNG SCIENTIST'S BODY. Its head has exploded, leaving a splat of purplish matter on the floor. PAN UP TO:

Black, looking down on the pleasant, heartwarming, Dinseyesque sight. Murphy stands behind him, along with TWO OTHER OFFICERS. Jovial old MR. CUNNINGHAM is, of course, nowhere to be seen.

BLACK

Wonderful.

WAY DOWN THE CORRIDOR

Black's group can be seen in the extreme distance under one of the row of overheads.

IN THE EXTREME F.G., there is a SQUISHY-SLITHERING SOUND, and a CREEP whips into view, then out of sight. ANOTHER SQUIGGLES in a different direction, faster than the blink of an eye.

109 INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

At their desks. Chris is trying to study, while Ryan listens to music on his cassette player with Walkman headphones.

He beats rhythm to the music and SINGS along, so the whole point of listening to it privately is lost because he's making as much noise as the original recording.

Chris glares at the oblivious Ryan. There's a KNOCK on the door. Chris rises to go get it. He opens the door, and --

It is CYNTHIA.

CYNTHIA

Hi.

If you batted Chris in the side of the head with a two-by-four, then lobotomized him, then doped him up with Demerol, his facial expression would be no more lost than it is right now.

His mind races like a computer, running down the list of possible responses. His brilliant choice is:

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Um, hi...

Ryan takes off his earphones and looks toward the door.

CYNTHIA

I looked you guys up in the Student Directory. I hope you don't mind?

CHRIS

No, nah, nuh, uh, no. Uh ugh. You wanna come in?

RYAN

I'm sorry, the place is a sight. I'm afraid we let the maid go. She was drinking, you know how it is...

CYNTHIA

Actually, uh... Would a walk be out of the question? Down to campus, or --

CHRIS

Sure! Uh -- both of us, or -- ?

His expression is filled with hope.

CYNTHIA

If you're not busy.

Chris frowns and grabs his jacket. Ryan looks at him apologetically, then gets his crutches.

CHRIS

We're college students. Why would we be busy?

110 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

The halls of academia look down on our trio as they walk along. Cynthia is wearing a big ol' sweater that serves to a) keep her warm, and b) fuel Chris's urge to put his arms around her.

CYNTHIA

It was awful. She said she saw it, but I know they buried him. I SAW the grave myself!

RYAN

This is great. "Night of the Living Dead Cat"!

Chris glares at him. Ryan grins sheepishly.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Look. You're sure it was the same cat?

CYNTHIA

I don't know what I'm sure of...

WE HEAR DANCE MUSIC coming from the Student Union.

RYAN

... Dance tonight in the Student Union.

The trio stops. Cynthia looks out toward the quad.

CYNTHIA

Some of the other girls saw it, too.

(pause)

Then when I asked them about it, they got spooked and changed their minds.

(looks at the guys)

And that guy's body? The one from the lab?...

She looks away again. Shudders.

CYNTHIA

I saw it walk, you guys. I swear to God.

Chris and Ryan look at one another. Ryan SINGS the 'Twilight Zone' theme with amazingly accurate oral-orchestration. He peters out though, as he notices Chris glaring at him again.

His trademark sheepish grin returns in all its pathetic glory.

CYNTHIA

(angrily)

I thought you'd understand. I don't know who else to talk to about it.

Chris is standing right next to her. And it's one of those things that, if you stopped to think about, you'd never do, just a spur of the moment inspiration, but Chris does it, and what he does is: he puts his arm around Cynthia to comfort her.

CHRIS

I do understand. We do understand.

CYNTHIA

I'm so confused.

Her head is down. She's almost crying. Chris holds her. He looks at Ryan. They grin and mug, making huge faces of triumph.

Just as Cynthia looks up again, they abruptly revert to their understanding, sensitive expressions. This is a big laugh.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

RYAN

Listen, guys, I've gotta use the nearest facilities. I'll be right back.

He hobbles off to the nearest building.

Chris and Cynthia stop to look at one another.

CYNTHIA

Chris? If I tell you something, do you promise to believe me?

CHRIS

(warmly)

Of course.

The breeze ruffles her hair. A SLOW DANCE tune emanates from the Student Union. This is a very romantic moment.

CYNTHIA

(pause)

I think it was a zombie, and it's head exploded, and these things like slugs or something spilled out all over the place...

Pause. Chris looks at her. Pause. He squints. Pause.

CHRIS

Okay.

(a beat)

Maybe I should walk you home.

111 EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - NIGHT

Ryan smiles as he passes the 'LIFE SCIENCES' building.

RYAN

Go for it, dude. She's misplaced her marble collection, but definitely go for it.

Pause. He stops.

RYAN

Wait. I really do have to use the facilities...

He SEES the science building, and heads up the walk toward the entrance.

112 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT - BACK TO CHRIS AND CYNTHIA

as she looks around.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA

What about Ryan?

CHRIS

I have a feeling he went back to the
dorms... Come on...

They walk off. When they are a good distance away, BLACK comes into frame. Murphy is behind him, scribbling notes.

BLACK

Got all of that?

(Murphy nods)

Make sure the body gets back. I'm gonna
look around for that janitor. Maybe he saw
something.

113 INT. SCIENCE BUILDING - NIGHT

Ryan walks on his crutches toward a men's room. He goes inside. The door SQUEAKS, then BANGS closed. WE HOLD on the corridor...

A FIGURE appears down the corridor, walking this way. Walking like a zombie. Because it IS a zombie. It is, in fact, the late MR. CUNNINGHAM...

114 INT. MEN'S ROOM STALL - NIGHT

Ryan sits, seeing to his business and adding some graffitti to the stall wall. There is the SQUEAK of the men's room door opening, and the echoing BANG of it swinging closed.

Then FOOTSTEPS. Slow, halting, dragging footsteps.

Ryan listens.

There is silence.

Then there is a sound. A sickening sound. Like something organic SPLITTING open. Then a nauseating SQUELP-SPLAK! and the THUD of a body hitting the floor as a dozen little SQUISH-SQUIP things FLIT all over the place into nooks and crannies.

Ryan is frozen stiff. Eyes wide. Some people have problems in the bathroom, but Ryan never heard anything like this.

He labors to pull his pants up, as -- SQUIP... SQUELP-THWIPPITY-THWIP -- whatever those suckers are, they're in here on the bathroom floor.

Ryan pulls the stall latch, and OPENS the stall door...

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

RYAN'S P.O.V. - THROUGH STALL DOOR

open just a hair. But that's all we need to see Mr. Cunnningham's corpse lying there, with the head freshly split open like a watermelon. What brains remain ooze onto the floor.

RYAN

SLAMS the stall door. Eyes wide. Beads of sweat.

SILENCE...

Then a FLUTTER of those awful SQUIPPELETTY-SQUISH sounds.

Ryan tenses. Terrified. He looks down to the stall floor.

RYAN'S P.O.V. - STALL FLOOR

A wad of wet toilet paper, some stray hair... and a matchbook.

Ryan reaches for the matches, and a CREEP squiggles past him with a SQUISHY-SQUIP SOUND and

RYAN

pulls his hand back at the speed of light and shakes his hand like it just got burned. A pause. Horror is setting in.

RYAN

(dread)

What the fuck was that?...

His eyeballs resemble a ping-ping match, flitting back and forth, back and forth. He's really sweating now. He looks down at the matches... and goes to reach for them again...

He reaches... and... GETS THEM this time.

SQUISH-SQUIP! from outside the stall. Ryan, shaking, pulls a match loose, and lights it.

He slowly holds it down to the floor. And waits...

Nothing. He shakes the flame out, and quickly lights another. This is a long shot, but then, what would you do? He puts the second match down to the floor, and --

THE SECOND HE PUTS IT DOWN, a creeper DARTS OUT toward the flame and we actually HEAR a tiny, high-pitched SQUEAL. It's not remotely like any animal's on earth, but it makes the point..

Ryan jerks the match back and SEES:

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (2)

Under the stall, the edge of one of the CREEPS, lying there smoking, absolutely still. Ryan lowers his head to see the creature's other end, but it only tapers and gets bigger so Ryan quits while he's ahead.

He looks at his matchbook. Three matches left.

115 INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT - LOW ANGLE

Mr. Cunningham's body lies sprawled on the floor, as the insidious squiggles from space dart in and out of view across the men's room floor. SQUISH-SQUIP. SPLOOP.

The floor is covered with them, but they never stop, never hold still, always move like whips, looking for the nearest nest; in this case: Ryan's brain.

We hear a pathetic voice echoing from inside the stall.

RYAN

... help...?

116 EXT. KAPPA DELTA HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris and Cynthia come up the steps to the front door.

CYNTHIA

I feel so stupid now.

CHRIS

Don't feel stupid. Just -- you know -- sleep all this stuff off, and...

CYNTHIA

Yeah... you're right... I dunno, maybe I'm going nuts or something...

(she looks at him)

Listen, um -- there's a formal tomorrow night... Would you like to go with me?

If he didn't think it would look strange, Chris would slap himself in the face to make sure he isn't dreaming.

CHRIS

What? Really?

Cynthia smiles, and nods.

CHRIS

What about Brad?

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA

Brad's an asshole.

CHRIS

I know that, but, isn't he, like, your
boyfriend?

CYNTHIA

(smiles)

Tomorrow night, okay? No more weird stuff.
G'night, Chris. Thanks.

She leaves him a last look, then goes in to the house.

Chris watches the door close, then turns, and SOMETHING SUDDENLY
GROWS ON HIS FACE, namely:

The biggest grin you ever saw in your life.

Beaming, he puts his hands in his pockets, and starts to SING,
and he moves up the sidewalk, building speed, and that's when HE
SLAMS INTO A LOOMING FIGURE, and YELPS with fright, AND IT IS:

BLACK

Zombies. Exploding heads. Creepy-crawlies.
A date for the formal.

(puffs his cigarette)

This is classic, Spanky.

CHRIS

You followed us! You were eavesdropping!

Black turns away, flips his cigarette into the gutter, and
lights a new one. His attention is on one thing and one thing
only: that condo across the street,

BLACK

I'm a detective, kid. It's my job to follow
people and eavesdrop. Look it up in a book.

CHRIS

Well, what if I complain to your boss?!

Black says nothing. His eyes are riveted to the condo.

CHRIS

(notices)

Hello??... What, are you thinking of buying
a condo? Are you listening to me?

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (2)

BLACK

(distant)

I'm listening. And what I'm thinking of buying is a drink.

(looks at Chris)

Join me?

CHRIS

Why should I?

BLACK

I'm not the bad guy, Spanky. And I've been on this planet a lot more years than you have, and if there's one thing I've learned in all those years it's when someone offers to buy you a drink... Never turn 'em down. It's rude.

(a beat)

Even ruder than following people and eavesdropping on them.

117 INT. DORM CORRIDOR - P.O.V. SHOT - MOVING UP CORRIDOR

It's pretty late, so there isn't too much activity. A STEREO playing low from a room, a LAUGH or two. That's about it.

A DORMIE comes out of the bathroom with a towel around his neck, and holding a toothbrush. He looks at us -- AT THE CAMERA -- and he pales with disbelief; with unspeakable horror.

WE MOVE RIGHT PAST HIM...

118 INT. BLACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chris sits uncomfortably on a couch, as Black puts a Billie Holiday record on the stereo, then returns with two tumblers and his bottle of Jack Daniel's.

BLACK

Tell me something, Spanky...

He sits, wearing a sweat-stained shirt and his shoulder holster with his .38 prominent in it. He pours himself a shot, downs it, then pours another. The BLUES PLAYS through the scene.

BLACK

You have a high school sweetheart?

CHRIS

(pause)

Maybe.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

He pours some in Chris's glass.

BLACK

What happened to her?

CHRIS

(shrugs)

I fucked up. She decided we didn't ever need to talk again... and she went on with her life, I guess.

(sips the whiskey)

Why d'you ask?

BLACK

I had a high school sweetheart.

CHRIS

What happened to her?

Chris notices the police photos and reports from 1959 splayed out on the table. Black's high school yearbook lies nearby.

BLACK

I fucked up. She decided we didn't ever need to talk again...

(downs the glass)

Me? I became a cop. I'd been a rookie two weeks when we got the call... H.P. had found a car by the side of the road... A couple... The guy's body was lying in the woods twenty yards from the car. My partner found him...

(pause)

I found the girl. Found her in the front seat... And the back seat... And on the road... And in the woods.

(pause)

Your high school sweetheart went on with her life. Mine went off and got hacked up by a nutcase with an axe.

He pours another glass. Long pause. Chris doesn't know what to say.

CHRIS

I don't know what to say.

BLACK

That's not the fun part. The fun part's what happened next.

CAMERA BEGINS TO SLOWLY MOVE IN on Black...

CHRIS

What happened next?

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (2)

BLACK

Guess.

CHRIS

The police found him.

BLACK

Close. I found him. It wasn't what you'd call routine, either.

CHRIS

What would you call it?

BLACK

(a beat)

Revenge.

(a beat)

See, I tracked him. In my off-hours.

And the CAMERA IS MOVING IN ON CHRIS, TOO... as he sits there, not knowing if he should go on with this, but he's in pretty deep already, so what the hell:

CHRIS

By yourself?.

BLACK

Of course not.

(beat)

I took my sawed-off 12 gauge with me. And I tracked him. And I found him. And when I found him, I leveled that sucker off right at his chest. And Spanky? Guess what happened next...

CHRIS

(tense)

Should you be telling me this?

BLACK

Close. I pulled the trigger...

Chris really wishes he wasn't here right now. CAMERA IS TIGHT ON IN HIM, but --

CHRIS

This is all really interesting, detective, but I've got a mid-term to study for, and...

-- WE'RE EVEN TIGHTER ON BLACK, STILL MOVING IN, and he has a gleam in his eye now, a gleam that wasn't there before. You're looking, ladies and gentlemen, into the face of obsession

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (3)

BLACK

I wrapped the body in a plastic bag...

FLASHCUT:

119 BLACK'S MEMORIES

Like the black-and-white QUICK CUTS we saw earlier -- the BODY being wrapped in plastic, only now we SEE that it is Black who is doing the wrapping -- and --

BLACK - BACK TO PRESENT

The CAMERA MOVING IN TIGHTER...

BLACK

And I buried it in a vacant lot....

FLASHCUT:

BLACK'S MEMORIES

More of the same -- Black digging the hole -- and dumping the body in -- and shoveling the dirt on top -- and --

BLACK - BACK TO PRESENT

AND TIGHTER...

BLACK

The lot right across the street from your girlfriend's sorority... Of course -- it isn't a vacant lot any more...

(a beat)

Now it's a condo.

CHRIS

(nervous)

Look, Detective, I don't mean to be rude or anything, but other than just kind of wanting to confess to a murder, is there a point to this story?

Black looks Chris dead in the eye, and the SHOT IS SO CLOSE, you can see his pores as well as you can see that gleam in his eye...

BLACK

That's exactly what I'm trying to figure out...

120 EXT. CONDO - NIGHT

The apartment building just mentioned. Night SOUNDS, a distant TV, otherwise all is calm and quiet.

121 INT. CONDO APARTMENT - NIGHT

An OLD WOMAN watching TV. The furniture and trappings of the room are like her; they need refurbishing, but it's too late to bother, and nobody cares anyway. The woman's dog sleeps nearby.

There is a dull KNOCK.

The dog awakens. His ears cock.

The woman looks toward the door.

A beat.

Then ANOTHER knock. Nearer this time. Sharper. Almost a crunch. The woman looks at the floor. So does the dog. Quizzically.

KRUNCH! A third one. Definitely coming from the floor.

The dog runs to it, and WHINES. Then BARKS.

KA-KRUNCH! Loud. Close. Then...

KA-KRUNCH!! -- The edge of a blade SMASHES UP through the floor boards. Splinters. The dog backs off, but keeps BARKING like it's going out of style.

KA-KRUNCH!! -- More blade. More splintered wood.

The old woman is frozen to her chair. The TV SOUND continues. The dog will not shut up.

KA-KRUNCH!! -- The blade breaks through. IT IS AN AXE.

Somebody is chopping their way into the room from underneath the floor

KA-KRUNCH!! The whole axe-blade BLASTS THROUGH. We see only a glimpse of the hands clutching it; but it's all the glimpse we need... They are skeleton hands.

KA-KRUNCH!! But no. Scratch that last part. There is some skin on them. Old skin, I'll grant you. Decayed. Peeling. Eaten away by maggots...

Then -- a deafening last KA-KRUNCH!! -- as the final blow clears enough room for the axe-wielding figure to climb out of the hole it has chopped... And it does.

And the woman's jaw drops. And the dog goes bananas.

We see the figure only from behind, but the ragged, mildewed army jacket is recognizable, as is the tattered plastic. And the muddy boots. We can't really see the back of the head because it's too dark, but it looks bald. More than bald. Skinless.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

The woman starts to SCREAM.

A scream cut short by the axe.

The blood splatters on the dog.

Who just keeps on barking and barking and barking...

122 INT. BLACK'S APARTMENT

THE PHONE RINGS off the hook, as Black snatches it up.

BLACK

Yeah! What?! Thrill me!

Pause.

WE HEAR the squeak of a voice rattling off some information. Black pales. Every muscle in his body tenses up.

He SLAMS the phone down, GRABS his trenchcoat, and GRABS something else from under the measly cot he calls his bed.

A sawed-off, 12 gauge shotgun.

123 EXT. BLACK'S CAR - NIGHT

A black, beat-up, '66 Pontiac. Black's usual cigarette is clenched between his teeth as he puts a portable cherry-light on the roof of the car -- and it FLASHES RED -- and he PEELS OUT!

124 EXT. BLACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chris, left behind, stands in the doorway watching the car disappear down the street. After a moment, he returns inside.

125 INT. BLACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chris crosses to the table; to the pile of police reports and photos. He picks up a particular 8 x 10, and looks at it curiously.

CLOSE ON POLICE PHOTO

Old, yellowed, been sitting in a dusty filing cabinet for twenty-five years. It is a flash-photo of the CANNISTER, with dimensions scribbled in with grease pencil.

A sheet of notes have been attached with a paper clip. Chris looks at the notes: Police exhibit B. Cannister/container. Metal/alloy: UNKNOWN. Found EMPTY. Original contents: UNKNOWN.

126 INT. BLACK'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

He's on the radio mic.

BLACK

Black to dispatch. Where are my back-ups?!

Something in his rearview mirror catches his eye.

127 REARVIEW MIRROR

as a police black-and-white literally LEAPS into view directly behind the Pontiac, light-bars FLASHING, SIREN WHOOPING, and --

BLACK

turns around to see it, then turns back front, and his eyes pop, and he SPINS THE WHEEL, AND --

128 EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

-- narrowly avoids sideswiping the second patrol car that has just SCREAMED into view, and pulls alongside Black's car, and despite all this, they never slow down, not once, and --

129 INT. BLACK'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

BLACK

Never mind.

He tosses the radio mic aside and looks out his side window to the PATROLMEN in the other car, and he points --

BLACK

Go around! Go around!

130 EXT. SORORITY ROW CORNER - NIGHT

The Pontiac and the trailing black-and-white take a HARD RIGHT, while the other patrol car CONTINUES up the street, SHRIEKING around the block.

131 EXT. CONDO - NIGHT

Another black-and-white is already here. And an ambulance.

The Pontiac and the patrol car SCREECH to halts in front of the building, and everyone BOLTS from their cars.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

BLACK

(waving to the side of
the building)

Take the back, take the back!!

The PATROLMEN split up and run around the building, one on each side. Black goes up the steps to where TWO COPS are questioning CONDO RESIDENTS.

PARAMEDICS come out of the building carrying a stretcher with several plastic bags on it. One of the cops acknowledges Black.

1ST COP AT CONDO

She had a dog, but it ran away as soon as we kicked the door in.

PARAMEDIC

If we used a different stretcher for every piece, we'd be here all night...

They move off. Black is speechless.

2ND COP AT CONDO

(watching paramedics)

Son of a bitch took her head clean off.

BLACK

(looking around)

Christ. Well, as long as we've got it.

1ST COP AT CONDO

Sir, I wish you hadn't said that.

Black looks at him. 'Hello, what?'

2ND COP AT CONDO

The fact is, we couldn't find it. It's not in the apartment. It's not on the balcony. We don't where it is.

132 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - MOVING WITH PATROL CAR.

as it SLOWS and the cop in the passenger seat SHINES a sun-gun searchlight all around the passing neighborhood.

133 P.O.V. FROM CAR - MOVING

as the searchlight harshly rakes bushes and mail boxes, but no axe-wielding killers.

134 EXT. CONDO FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

Black tersely questions CONDO DWELLERS. More RUBBER-NECKERS have shown up, and we can see SORORITY GIRLS across the street also looking to see what's going on.

BLACK

Did anyone see anything?

! ! !

135 EXT. BACK OF THE CONDO - NIGHT

The two cops on foot meet each other and look around. Zip.

PATROLMAN

Stay here.

And off he goes. The other stays put. Alone.

A shadow looms on the wall behind him.

The shadow of a figure with an axe.

THE FIGURE

turns the corner of the building, and there's no mistake, it's a real axe, all right, and --

THE COP

hears a shuffle behind him, and WHIRLS, HIS GUN UP, AND

THE FIGURE

is just an old, sad-looking LANDLORD wearing a Dodgers cap, and standing beside a red case with a fire extinguisher in it.

JANITOR

Sorry, officer.

He places the axe back in the case where it belongs.

JANITOR

Goddamn college kids always playin' with this. Somebody's gonna get hurt some day. What's goin'-- ?

But the cop has already taken off.

JANITOR

-- on?.

136 EXT. CONDO - NIGHT

The two cops reconvene with Black. 'Nothing,' they're saying.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

BLACK
(points)
Try the other way.

The two cops dutifully head off.

137 INT. PATROL CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

The patrol cops, ready to give up.

PATROL CAR DRIVER
Forget it.

The cop manning the searchlight is in agreement. He turns off the light just a split-second after he HAS SPOTTED SOMETHING.

He turns it back on.

138 P.O.V. FROM CAR - MOVING

And WE SEE the back of a mud-covered axe-wielding figure in a ragged army coat and tattered plastic just as he turns down an alley and out of sight, and --

PATROLMAN WITH SEARCHLIGHT
Jesus.

139 EXT. CONDO - NIGHT

Really hopping now. Police cars are to humans what can= openers are to domestic cats and dogs. There are more people here than need to be here, which is beginning to piss Black off.

A SORORITY GIRL calls meekly from near the patrol car.

MEEK SORORITY GIRL
Detective?

Black is trying to get information from another CONDO-ER.

MEEK SORORITY GIRL
Detective?!

BLACK
WHAT?!

He whirls. The girl sheepishly point in at the car radio.

RADIO VOICE
-- we got him, sir -- SQUAWK! -- alley
around back -- SQUAWK!

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

Black MOVES --

BLACK

Shit!

(and YELLS)

Matheson! Solomon!

But the two cops on foot are long gone. Black looks pleadingly at the condo residents.

BLACK

WHERE'S THE ALLEY!?!

140 EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - MOVING WITH FOOT COPS

as they run past bushes and chain-link fences, guns out, having HEARD Black's yells, instinctively zeroing in on the action, and

141 EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - MOVING WITH BLACK

RUNNING -- fast -- and WE HEAR ONE OF THE PATROLMEN YELL -- and Black follows the sound, hopping a hedge, ducking a tree, dodging a garbage can, AND --

142 EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT - CLOSE ON A SIGN

which says, 'NOT A THROUGH STREET', and WHIP PAN TO

HEADLIGHTS

AS the patrol car SCREECHES to a halt, SIREN making a deafening, almost human WHOOP as it winds down because the alley narrows, no room for cars, but the colored light bar STAYS ON, as do the HEADLIGHTS, which illuminate, up ahead:

THE FIGURE

its back to us, plainly the figure that chopped its way through the floor, in no particular hurry, moving forward, driven forward ("Like a zombie?," you ask), and

BLACK

rounds a corner, SEEING the figure up ahead and he SPOTS the two cops, and points --

BLACK

Both sides! Both sides!

-- and they bolt, but the figure keeps going, as

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

THE TWO OTHER COPS

the ones on foot, APPEAR from another opening -- RIGHT NEAR the figure, and they BREAK, AS

THE FIGURE

keeps moving, but there's a wall in front of it, as in 'NOT A THROUGH STREET', so it begins to slow, COPS closing on both sides, guns out, as in ready to fire, and Black is right behind them, and the figure stops, back to them all, and two of the cops drop to their knees, firing positions, and the other two aim with two hands, and Black slows, breathing hard, he hasn't had this much exercise in years, and he stops, and he raises his shotgun, and he catches his breath, and he says:

BLACK

Freeze, you motherfucker!

But the figure is already frozen, so he adds:

BLACK

Drop the axe.

A beat. The figure does not move. Black COCKS the shotgun.

BLACK

DROP IT. NOW!

A beat. Indecision. The figure remains absolutely frozen.

One of the cops looks to Black. Black nods.

The cop FIRES!

And HITS one of the figure's axe-holding hands -- CUTTING IT OFF at the wrist. The axe clatters to the pavement, and in SLOW MOTION, the hand goes with it. But there is no blood.

The cops look at each other. Then at Black. But he doesn't return their gaze. He is staring at the figure. The figure that won't move. It has lost a hand, and it still won't move.

BLACK

I already killed you... You son of a bitch... I ALREADY KILLED YOU!!!

And he FIRES the shotgun, a BLAST which blows away the back of the figure's tattered army jacket, but there is still no blood, and the figure still does not move, and that's not even the weird part.

The weird part is: WE CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE FIGURE'S BACK. And that's when the figure turns around...

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: (2)

And grins.

The eyes are gone, and what flesh that remains is decayed. He has been dead a long, long time.

Without an order, Black and the cops immediately, instinctively OPEN FIRE from three sides, and every shot HITS the zombie in the head, which promptly EXPLODES, emitting a torrent of shiny, slug-like black SQUIGGLES, which SPILL OUT onto the ground and WHIP AWAY like snakes in fast motion.

The cops stare at one another. The cops stare at Black. Black stares at the cops. Everyone stares at everyone else.

Everything is quiet for a moment.

Don't worry, folks. It's only a movie.

143 EXT. SORORITY ROW - NIGHT - LOW ANGLE

as a clutch of CREEPS shoot past camera and split up in a dozen different different directions, then disappear, and once again, all is quiet on sorority row...

DISSOLVE:

144 EXT. DORMITORY - DAY

Some DORMIES come out passing a basketball back and forth, dressed in gym clothes to shoot hoops.

Chris appears, backpack slung over one shoulder, a tuxedo in a plastic bag over the other.

CHRIS

(to one of the dormies)

Hey, Paul? Seen Ryan? He never came home last night.

PAUL

Last I saw him was when you guys took off with that babe. Who was she, anyways? She was a fox!

Chris doesn't answer. Believe it or not, he's got something more important than Cynthia on his mind right now...

ANOTHER DORMIE notices Chris's baggage.

DORMIE

Hey, Chris -- what's the tux for?

145 EXT. KAPPA DELTA SORORITY - EVENING

and as a beautiful orange-and-purple sky signals the descent of evening, an UPBEAT, BOUNCY GIRL-GROUP ROCK SONG KICKS IN and ON the downbeat WE SMASH CUT TO --

146 CLOSE ON A CALENDER

depicting a beefy Venice beach stud with baby oiled muscles. A date is circled: "BETA FORMAL". This is just the beginning of a:

147 FAST MONTAGE

CUT TO THE BEAT, and shot like a mutant hybrid cross between a rock video and a shampoo commercial, which, come to think of it, aren't that dissimilar, but the point is: a dazzling MONTAGE OF

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS

Everything the lowest common denomination wants to see in this movie, apart from exploding heads, is here in bountiful quantities, namely, like I said:

GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS

IN THE SHOWER, soaping up --

OUT OF THE SHOWER, toweling down --

IN THE HALLWAY, bras and panties --

ON THE MOVE, getting dressed -- Snapping, zipping, lacing, tucking -- Swinging hair -- Flying brushes --

IN FRONT OF MIRRORS, swapping eye-liner, patting rouge --

SORORITY GIRL #1

GUY! Thanks a bunch. He asked me to homecoming.

SORORITY GIRL #2

Oh, you wish!

SORORITY GIRL #1

I'm sure. Get out of my life!

SORORITY GIRL #3

He's so boss.

SORORITY GIRL #2

Guy! Where have you been? "Boss" went out with Bobby Sox.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

SORORITY GIRL #3

Well, excuse me for living!

AND putting on bras, AND --

AT CLOSETS, rummaging through clothes on hangers like they were the beads on those ancient oriental adding machines, AND--

Putting on bras, AND--

ONE OF THE GIRLS, stuffing cotton in hers first, AND --

RUNNING UP AND DOWN THE STAIRS, last minute preparations, making themselves attractive with an intensity and energy reserved for sorority girls and professional gymnasts, AND --

Did I mention putting on bras? AND --

SMASH CUT TO:

148 CLOSE ON A CALENDER

depicting Shannon Tweed in all her glory, since this is not just any calender, but one published by Hugh Hefner, and there's a dirty sweat sock hanging from the calender, and a condom in an ashtray, AND --

149 INT. BETA FRATERNITY - THE MONTAGE CONTINUES

Only it's less interesting to me personally, but what the hell;
GUYS IN THE SHOWER, and

OUT OF THE SHOWER, snapping towels at other guys' butts, and

SMELLING underwear, to see if it's clean enough to wear another day, AND --

SPIT-SHINING SHOES with the same towels used to snap at guy's butts, AND --

SMELLING socks, to see if they're clean enough to wear another day, and

A CONGA LINE of guys, tying each others' ties, and --

SMELLING armpits, to see if they're clean enough to... AND

FALLING DOWN STAIRS with an intensity and energy reserved for Frat boys and professional alcoholics, and --

150 INT. DORM ROOM - EVENING

Chris finishes getting dressed, his expression hinting at his emotional inner-battle between concern over Ryan, and excitement over going to the formal with Cynthia.

He buttons his vest, pulls on his tux jacket, and fits a red carnation into his lapel. If the truth be known, he looks sharp as a tack.

He opens his closet door... Affixed to the inside is a small mirror. Chris takes a large comb and starts to comb his hair, when he notices something IN the mirror:

On Ryan's desk is his cassette recorder, and beside it, a sheet of binder paper with a word scrawled in an inhuman, barely-legible hand. It says: "LISTEN..." and there is an arrow pointing to the cassette machine.

Chris goes to the desk, looks at the paper strangely, then picks up the cassette. He presses the 'PLAY' button with his thumb.

The VOICE on the tape is not Ryan. It's SIMILAR to Ryan's voice, but brittle, raspy, croaking. As if fighting to be heard from another world. It is the voice of the dead.

RYAN'S TAPE VOICE

Chris... There's one inside me...

A chill goes up your spine.

RYAN'S TAPE VOICE

Got in through my mouth... I can feel it...
It's in my brain...

A chill goes up Chris's spine.

RYAN'S TAPE VOICE

I don't have a pulse... or a heartbeat...
I think I'm dead...

(pause)

I killed one... Lit a match to it, I think
fire will kill them...

The voice becomes weaker. Harder to understand.

RYAN'S TAPE VOICE

Gone to the basement... Incinerator... If
I don't come back... fire will kill them...
(pause)

I walked, Chris... All by myself.... I
walked... I love you... Good luck with
Cynthia...

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

Click. The tape stops. Chris does not move, he does not blink, he does not even breathe. Then he looks toward Ryan's bunk... and notices what he did not notice before:

Namely, RYAN'S CRUTCHES

CLOSE ON CHRIS

His eyes on the crutches. Disbelief. Horror. Then... his eyes move again. Just barely. The flicker of a glance.

He is looking toward the door...

"... Incinerator..."

151 INT. DORM BASEMENT

The HISSING, THROBBING, SOUNDS of heavy machinery laboring to keep a building full of college students warm in the night.

Chris appears, in his full tuxedo, with a flashlight. He approaches a door marked: 'FURNACE ROOM - KEEP OUT'.

The door is open a crack. A padlock and chain lie on the floor just outside the door. Chris pushes the door. It gives...

152 INT. DORM FURNACE ROOM

Dim. Chris's flashlight FLARES AT THE LENS as he enters.

CHRIS'S P.O.V. - MOVING

into the furnace room. Steam. Shadows. Pipes. Equipment. Maintenance supplies.

CLOSE - CHRIS

as he moves forward cautiously, shining the flashlight all around, and

CHRIS'S P.O.V. - MOVING

as the flashlight illuminates concrete walls, lined with economy size boxes of roach killer, old brooms, etc., and

CLOSER - CHRIS

as he SEES something -- what he came to see -- and it is

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

CHRIS'S P.O.V. - A PAIR OF FEET

sticking out from behind a furnace tank, and WE MOVE FORWARD, slowly, and SEE that the feet are attached to legs, a body, lying on the floor of the room, and

EVEN CLOSER - CHRIS

walking forward, not wanting to, his eyes widening, straining to see, and the furnace is louder, and the steam is thicker, and

Then he stops. Looking off-screen. And

CHRIS'S P.O.V. - RYAN'S BODY

lying with its head in the incinerator furnace.

But of course, that is inaccurate.

Because, of course, Ryan's head is gone.

Only a shattered, pulpy mush, brains SIZZLING in the heat.

It was not burned off. It exploded from within. And though we don't want to look at this for too long, we DO look at it long enough to notice the dozens of fried CREEPS that lie around the body, smoldering and quite definitely dead...

As dead as Ryan....

153 EXT. BETA HOUSE - NIGHT

There is a big, fancy tour bus parked in front, and the Betas are emerging from the house in their formal wear, many chugging brewskies. KURT is directing traffic.

KURT

Let's go, bros!

The bros climb aboard the bus. One of them stops by Kurt.

DICK

Hey, where's Brad, man?

KURT

I think he's bagging the formal action. I think Cindy blew him off.

DICK

Whoa, bogus! He must be bummed.

KURT

Really.

154 EXT. KAPPA DELTA HOUSE - NIGHT

There is a bit of a chill in the air.

WE CAN SEE the girls' silhouettes in the upper floor windows, as they continue to get ready. They will probably continue to get ready up until, and probably a half hour after their dates arrive to take them away.

BRAD comes into frame, not dressed formally, and looks up at the house. He swigs a beer; probably his fifth. He must be bummed. Bogus.

He MUTTERS to himself, obviously trying to get up the nerve to go inside and talk this out with Cynthia.

SUDDENLY, there is a SQUISHY THWIP-THWIP sound down by Brad's feet -- He LOOKS DOWN AND --

BRAD'S P.O.V.

catches only the quickest of glimpses of a CREEP squiggling into the bushes --

BRAD

looks down with curiosity.

BRAD

What the fuck? --

He kneels down to look in the bushes. As he rummages through them, a DOG ambles up beside him. He notices the dog.

BRAD

Hey, dog. Did you see that thing?

Then Brad LOOKS at the dog. One eye is clouded and lifeless, and the other just plain ain't there. The dog's side is OPEN and there are a mass of feasting maggots. IT IS THE OLD WOMAN'S DOG, now the living dead, and before Brad can scream or vomit or do anything, the dog OPENS its mouth, AND --

A CREEP SHOOTs OUT and straight INTO BRAD'S MOUTH --

155 INT. BUS - NIGHT

Kurt checks his check list.

KURT

'Sat everyone? Who's missing?

TODD

Brother Brad, man!

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

ROD

He's out of it. He's Mind-fucked.

THE BETA BROS

WHIPPED! WHIPPED!!

The bros LAUGH and belch and applaud and chug their brewskies. Even in formal wear, they're assholes.

KURT

All right! We're outa here! Let's blow this pop stand!

The BUS DRIVER pulls the door CLOSED.

KURT

We're gonna get DONE, DUDES!!!

The bros CHEER.

156 INT. BLACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Billie Holiday SINGS from the stereo as Black swigs Jack Daniel's. The bottle is nearly empty.

There is an odd HISSING sound. Probably the recording.

A feeble KNOCK on the door.

Black hears it, but doesn't move. Just keeps drinking.

Then it is a slow POUNDING. THUMP-THUMP-THUMP.

Black SLAMS his glass down, and gets up to go to the door.

When he get to the door, WE SEE that the cracks, the entire doorframe, has been taped up with thick gaffer's tape. The tape roll itself lies nearby.

Black violently and impatiently RIPS the tape from the doorframe in long strips. He YANKS the door open.

CHRIS

(he has been crying)

They got Alfalfa.

(a beat)

They get in through your mouth, and they lay eggs in your brain, and you walk around while they incubate. You walk around -- even if you're dead.

(a beat)

We need -- a flame thrower.

A beat.

157 INT. BLACK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The HISSING is louder. Black comes into the kitchen, pulling his trenchcoat on, the tape roll on his wrist, his shotgun in his hand.

He turns the oven gas OFF. The oven door is open.

BLACK

Wonderful.

158 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Beta-Formal-or-Bust bus rounds a corner. We HEAR SINGING from inside. The bus is driving a hair on the fast side.

159 INT. BUS - DRIVING - NIGHT

As the BROS launch into another raucous round of the Beta Anthem, and for a moment, as we see this camaradery, this feeling of brotherhood and group spirit, we almost actually like them.

CLOSE ON THE DRIVER

Gripping the wheel and smiling. He was young once, too.

Then his eyes WIDEN, AND --

160 BUS DRIVER'S P.O.V.

AND THERE'S THAT DAMN ZOMBIE-DOG right in the middle of the street, AND --

THE BUS DRIVER

doesn't have time to hit the brakes, so instead, he SPINS THE WHEEL, which, let's face it, was just plain a mistake, because even if he'd HIT the dog, the stupid thing's already dead, and in avoiding it he's steered straight INTO:

161 BUS DRIVER'S P.O.V. - A TRUCK

in the opposite lane, driving even faster than the bus, and ON THE GUT-WRENCHING SHRIEK AND CRASH AND BURN, WE CUT TO --

162 INT. POLICE STATION ARMORY - NIGHT

The uniformed ARMORER sits -- bored -- reading a paperback.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

Behind him is a wall of caging, behind which all S.W.A.T. gear is stored, as well as your more routine .38s, revolvers, carbines, and machine guns.

WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS... Black and Chris come down the stairs.

ARMORER

(cheerfully)

Well, well, well -- Detective Shane Black!
Son of a gun! Is that you?!

Believe it or not, Black is even more cheerful. He's a completely different person than the one we know. A 180 degree change.

BLACK

Yes, indeedy, Phil. It's me, all right. Heh
heh. Good to see ya!

ARMORER

Don't see you down here too often. How's
every little thing?

BLACK

Couldn't be better, Phil. Just swell! Peachy
keen! How's a by you?

ARMORER

Oh, can't complain, can't complain.

He notices Chris, and ruffles his hair as if he were a toddler.

ARMORER

Hey there, sport! Quite a set of duds you
got there.

(to Black)

So, what can I do you for, anyway?

BLACK

Well, Phil, the thing is, what I need is...
your basic flame-thrower.

Phil the armoror strokes his chin, impressed.

ARMORER

Flame thrower, huh? Well, I'll be...

He LAUGHS, rises with his keys, unlocks the cage, and goes in.

ARMORER

Snub-nose not good enough for ya, huh?

Black LAUGHS raucously.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: (2)

BLACK

Break out the ol' heavy artillery, huh,
Phil? Heh heh heh.

Phil LAUGHS loudly as he comes out carrying the article in question; It is one threatening-looking mother, too. :

ARMORER

I'll tell ya -- Yes indeedy -- Don't get
much call for these babies too often. No
sirree, Bob. Not too much call. So, if I
could just check your requisition there...

He is all smiles. Black is all smiles right back at him.

BLACK

Well, Phil... Thing is, I, well, I kind of
don't have a requisition. Is the thing.
Heh heh.

Phil scratches his chin.

ARMORER

You don't? Well. Jeez, I -- to tell you the
God's truth, Shane, well... we could have
a little problem here --

Black raises his shotgun -- and COCKS it --

And AIMS it point-blank in the armorer's face.

BLACK

Yup, Phil. We could have a little problem...

163 EXT. STREET - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

Carnage.

The Beta bus has been completely totalled. The front end is
wrapped around the truck in a wrestler's hold, so the windshield
has been punched in.

The middle is crushed like a stepped-on milk carton and there is
no sound but the HISSING steam of the radiator and the CRACKLE of
the flames rising from the back end.

It looks like a crumpled Jack-in-the-Box burger wrapper.

CLOSE ON ZOMBIE DOG

as it staggers toward the bus, sniffing around like a ghostly
parody of itself in life. It waddles up to a crushed window
frame, and goes into the bus...

164 INT. SORORITY FRONT HALL - NIGHT

GIRLS running back and forth. Panic. Last minute preparations. There is a slow POUNDING on the front door. THUMP-THUMP-THUMP.

A frazzled sis, LISA goes to answer it in her formal gown.

LISA

I'm sure. Like, ever heard of the doorbell?
Guy!

She opens the door.

And there's BRAD, now one of the living dead. His skin is pale and bloodless, his eyes rolled up in the sockets.

LISA

I'm sure! Very hilarious, Brad.

She turns and YELLS up the stairs.

LISA

CIN-DY!! BRAD'S HERE!!!

165 EXT. STREET - TOTALLED BUS - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS. QUIET. Then... MOVEMENT --

A BLOODY ARM JUTS OUT of a smashed window. The skin is lacerated like it was shaved with a wood-plane.

ANOTHER BODY PART, a leg, someone else's, KICKS free of its thick metal blanket.

MORE bodies, the DEAD bodies of the tuxedoes FRAT BOYS, begin to RISE and pull themselves free of the wreckage.

Most of them are shredded and crushed from the bus accident.

ONE has no arm; it's been torn off.

A LEGLESS ZOMBIE in a white tux pulls himself across the pavement.

ONE walks while impaled by the steering wheel column.

ONE's FACE is history. A hideous, snarling skull-head, the skin ripped off by tearing glass and metal...

But his lapel corsage is untouched. A red carnation.

THE ZOMBIES stagger blindly up the street.

166 INT. KAPPA DELTA - ANGLE UP AT STAIRWAY

as Cynthia appears, in a stunning purple-velvet gown with ruffles. Gold bracelets. Pearl earrings. A total knock-out in the first round. Color frame blow-ups available in the lobby.

Brad's heart would stop IF he wasn't already dead, a fact, (his being dead, that is) which Cynthia fails to notice, as she comes down the stairs to meet him in the doorway.

Obviously tormented by inner turmoil, she goes to Brad and steers him out onto the porch without really looking at him.

167 EXT. KAPPA DELTA - ON THE FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Cynthia looks off distantly as the zombie drools beside her.

CYNTHIA

I was going to call you... Look, I'm sorry things haven't worked out. We're just -- two different people, and...

The zombie puts a cold hand on her shoulder. She takes it, still not looking at him.

CYNTHIA

God, you're cold. Anyway, I just -- want you to know that -- even though I'm going to the formal with someone else --

The zombie moves closer, bringing its face to hers, and as it does, it opens its mouth...

CYNTHIA

-- That doesn't mean it's over forever. We just need some time. To think...

And where its tongue should be... is a black, slimey CREEPER from space, poised like a rattle snake to SHOOT OUT AND INTO Cynthia's beautiful mouth... And she turns... And SEES this, AND

CYNTHIA

Well. Maybe one last kiss.

CHRIS (O.S.)

CYNTHIA!!! GET AWAY FROM IT!!!

And the SECOND she turns her head, the SQUIGGLE SHOOTS OUT past her cheek, and the zombie begins to BELLOW, and MORE CREEPS SPILL OUT of its mouth, and Cynthia SCREAMS, and BACKS OFF, AND

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE BLACK

takes one step forward, his 12 gauge in one hand, his .38 Special aimed with the other straight at Brad's head, and HE FIRES! and just as the head SPLITS OPEN and CREEPS, START TO SPILL OUT --

CHRIS

moves in with THE FLAME-THROWER and WHOOOSSSHHHH!!!! SHOOTs a giant JET OF FLAME which immediately FRIES the creeps, not to mention the remains of Brad, and --

CHRIS

... Sorry, Brad. Don't take it personal...

BLACK

tosses Chris the pistol, keeps the shotgun, and HEADS IN to the sorority, as Cynthia just stares, dumbfounded, AND --

168 INT. SORORITY FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

The GIRLS, all dressed to the nines, are running around like crazy wondering what all the commotion is about, as Black comes in, shotgun up, AND ONE OF THE GIRLS, LISA again, YELLS:

LISA

Who are you!? I'm gonna call the police!!

BLACK

You do that. NOW!

169 EXT. KAPPA DELTA - NIGHT

Cynthia is in shock, not hysterics. Chris tries to comfort her, when he looks up, AND SEES:

CHRIS'S P.O.V. - A ZOMBIE FRAT BOY

in a shredded tuxedo, one arm ripped off, but no more blood, it has all drained out; the first of the Betas coming to pick up girls for the formal, and --

CHRIS

Oh Christ --

CHRIS

realizes what must be done, so he pulls the strap of the flame-thrower off and --

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Cindy, listen! You have to listen to me!
The only way to kill them is to blow their
heads off and fry those little creepies!
Do you hear me?! Cynthia?!

He loops the strap over her shoulder, and places the flame-thrower in her hands, and looks up, and --

CHRIS'S P.O.V. - MORE FRAT BOY ZOMBIES

Three in all now, coming toward the sorority in various stages of horrible death, their tuxes ripped and bloody from the accident that killed them, and --

CYNTHIA

just stares with stunned shock, almost smiling insanely at the ridiculousness of this, as

CHRIS

SHIT! Look -- you pull this thing here to
fire, got it?! Cindy? Jesus, please,
CYNTHIA!?

She is dazed, just standing there in her beautiful formal gown, with a flame thrower in her hands, as Chris checks to see that the gun Black gave him is loaded.

CHRIS

Nod if you understand. Try firing it! Speak!
DO SOMETHING, GODDAMN IT!!

THE FIRST ZOMBIE

is almost upon them.

SORORITY GIRLS

are appearing on the porch now from inside, and SCREAMING, which is a lot of help, AS

CHRIS

aims the gun at the first zombie's head --

CHRIS

GODDAMN IT, IF WE DON'T KILL THEM, THEY'LL
TURN US INTO THEM -- NOW FIRE WHEN I DO --
ARE YOU READY?!

Cynthia says nothing. Couldn't if she wanted to. Just stands there kind of holding the flame-thrower up, and

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: (2)

THE FIRST ZOMBIE

is a few feet away now, and he opens his mouth and BELLOWS, and one or two CREEPS shoot out, and Chris says

CHRIS

NOW!!!

And he FIRES! AND the zombie's head EXPLODES, and just a beat later, Cindy SCREAMS and pulls the trigger and WHHHOOOOOSSHH!!! FRIES THAT SUCKER, BUT --

THE SECOND ZOMBIE

is almost there, so Chris pivots, and AIMS, AND

BLAM! BLOWS ITS HEAD OFF, and Cindy SPINS and WHHHOOOOOSSHH! There goes another one, and next thing you know

THE THIRD ZOMBIE

the one with no face APPROACHES AND --

CHRIS AND CYNTHIA

Again, with a one-two-punch, a BLAM! of the gun, and as the head SPLITS OPEN, in comes the BLASTING LICK of FLAME that deep fries those creeps, and Cythia looks at Chris, and almost smiles, not because this is fun, which it isn't, it's a nightmare is what it is, but at least she's got the hang of it now, AND --

170 INT. SORORITY LOUNGE - NIGHT

Black moving through, his cigarette in place, as usual, GIRLS in their underwear running around frantically, and SUDDENLY, one of them SCREAMS, AND POINTS, AND Black LOOKS, AND --

A TUXEDOED ZOMBIE

CRASHES through the patio door, and

BLACK

SEES KAREN with a bottle of aerosol hairspray nearby, and he COCKS his shotgun, and he says:

BLACK

Trade ya!

And he TAKES the hairspray, and jams the shotgun into her hands and as the zombie approaches, he pulls his cigarette out, and --

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

BLACK

FIRE!!!

The petrified sorority girl pulls the trigger and KA-BLAM!!! the zombie's head is history, and as the SQUIGGLES start to spill out, Black's got his lit cigarette up and the aerosol can positioned behind it, and he squeezes the trigger, AND --

KWOOOOSSSHHHHH!!! Miniature flame-thrower.

171 EXT. SORORITY ROW - NIGHT - A NEW GLUT OF ZOMBIES

approach from the street, all in formal wear, all having died in a hideous manner, and the LEADER of them is approaching, and the funny part is, his face is ripped and mangled, but by-God, his haircut is still looking pretty good, and

CHRIS AND CYNTHIA

move into position, Chris re-loading as he moves across the lawn, but --

CHRIS

You ready?

-- Cynthia has a sad, perplexed look on her face, as she stares at the approaching zombie leader, and pulls up her gown strap --

CYNTHIA

That's Mark...

CHRIS

What?!?!?

The zombie's getting closer.

CYNTHIA

I can't kill him -- He took me to the Teddy Bear Social last semester.

CHRIS

Of course you can't kill him, he's already dead!!!

And CLOSER.

CYNTHIA

But he was sweet.

CHRIS

SWEET?!?! LOOK AT HIM!!!! HE'S A FUCKING ZOMBIE, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!!!

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

He AIMS, and FIRES!!!

And misses.

Part of the zombie's head comes off... But not the right part.

Chris FIRES AGAIN, and BULL'S-EYE, AND --

CYNTHIA sadly BLASTS the corpse with flame, and --

172 EXT. SORORITY ROW - QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

CHRIS AND CYNTHIA -- a two-person zombie-extermination team --

AS THEY KILL one after another after another, until finally --

A ZOMBIE

is engulfed with flame, and collapses, and

CHRIS AND CYNTHIA

each heave a sigh of relief; that's the last of them, and Cynthia is in tears, as Chris looks down, AND SEES:

THE ZOMBIE DOG

approaching them, and Chris is unnerved at first, then he rolls his eyes and looks at Cynthia; "piece of cake"; and he aims the gun at its head, very blasé, very smug, and the dog is a yard and a half away, and Chris pull the trigger, and --

Click. No bullets.

Chris panics and fumbles for more, and pulls them out of his pocket, and drops them, spilling them all over the ground, and

THE ZOMBIE DOG

collapses, and there is a beat. Then its head SPLITS OPEN and as the CREEPS SPILL OUT, Chris GRABS the flame-thrower from Cynthia and FRIES the suckers, or half of them anyway, AS --

CHRIS

Shit!

173 SERIES OF SHOTS - CREEPS

Just a few of them, mind you, but there they are, alive and well and squirming, slithering, whipping in the direction of the sorority, and --

174 CLOSE ON A GRATING

which appears to be their destination, and in fact, IS their destination, because IN they squiggle, and --

CHRIS

moves back toward the house, wired with tension, as the exhausted, soot-covered Cynthia follows, wiping her tears away.

CHRIS

The grating! Where does it lead?

CYNTHIA

I don't know. The basement?

CHRIS

What's in the basement?!

CYNTHIA

Nothing! Storage. Boxes. One of the girls has her science proje --

(a beat)

Oh my God.

CHRIS

WHAT!?!?

CYNTHIA

Judy Carlsen's science project. Biology. She has to dissect...

(looks at him)

... human brains...

A chill goes up Chris's spine. And hopefully yours.

175 INT. SORORITY CORRIDOR - NIGHT - MOVING

WITH CHRIS AND CYNTHIA; HE holding the flame-thrower up, SHE following with the .38 and a flashlight, and not that Chris isn't, but she's terrified, as they walk down the hall, GIRLS panicking all around them.

CHRIS

Get out of the house.

SORORITY GIRLS

What's going on?!

CHRIS

Get out of the house.

SORORITY GIRLS

What's happening?

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Get out -- of the house. NOW.

The girls COMPLY quickly and not altogether orderly.

Cythia and Chris come to the basement door. Exchange glances.

Chris nods. Cynthia opens the door.

176 INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Chris turns ON the flashlight... and he and Cynthia start down the stairs...

THEIR P.O.V. - THE STAIRS BELOW

Wooden steps, revealed in flashlight-light, and...

177 INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL - WITH CHRIS AND CYNTHIA

as they come down the stairs, almost to the bottom, dread...

178 INT. SORORITY BASEMENT - NIGHT

The get to the bottom of the steps, and Chris aims the flashlight in his face, to look at Cynthia, then in her face, and she's looking at him, and their glances meet, and only then does Chris turn and SHINE THE FLASHLIGHT across the floor:

THEIR P.O.V. - BASEMENT

Darkness illuminated only by the flashlight. WE HEAR a moist, SLURPING sound, but it isn't coming from the rake, or the boxes, or the concrete floor and moth-eaten carpet that the flashlight reveals, then as the SLURPING multiplies, Chris

WHIPS THE FLASHLIGHT TO REVEAL

A head. A severed head. The head of the old woman who lived in the condo. It is lying unattached to anything, let alone a body, but the mouth is trying to moan, to form words, but of course the vocal cords aren't attached, so nothing comes out. Her eyes roll toward us as if pleading for mercy, and the SLURPING is LOUDER, AND we ALSO HEAR a muffled GRUNTING, SO CHRIS

WHIPS THE FLASHLIGHT TO REVEAL

Detective Black. Standing very still, and holding a gas can. He has taped up his mouth with gaffer's tape so the creeps can't get in. He SCREAMS from behind the gaffer's tape and gestures frantically for Chris and Cynthia to get the hell out of here.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

He keeps looking toward a corner of the room that is in shadow. The SLURPING is LOUDER, a great, disgusting cacaphone of moist, THWIPPETY-THWIPPETING slug sounds, and of course, CHRIS

WHIPS THE FLASHLIGHT TO REVEAL

the corner of the room on which Black's attention has been horrifyingly focused, and I want you to do something for me, I want you to catch your breath, because what the flashlight reveals is a WALL, an eight-foot-high MOUND OF CREEPS ALL oozing and squishing and squiggling over one another like some orgy for space-slime, a giant revolting MASS of the things, all intertwined as if to form one giant creature, and sure enough, in the middle of this mass, A GIANT EYE OPENS, and if this isn't one of the five or six scariest things you ever saw in your life I'm going to give up screenwriting.

CHRIS

aims the flame-thrower and pulls the trigger AND -- Peyoof. Nothing. Zip. Nada. A big goose egg. He throws the useless thing to the ground AS --

Black's MUFFLED SCREAMS become more insistent, and Chris

WHIPS THE FLASHLIGHT

BACK to Black as he reaches in his coat pocket, and pulls out

HIS LIGHTER

it is inscribed: "For Shane, Love Forever, Debbie - 5/1/'54"

BLACK

looks at it, FLICKS it once to see that it works, then RIPS the tape off his mouth and turns to Chris, AND says:

BLACK

Twenty. Nineteen. Eighteen. Seventeen.

And he opens the gas can, and begins to POUR GASOLINE ALL OVER THE FLOOR as he continues counting, and he turns to Chris one last time, and smiles sadly, and WINKS.

BLACK

Sixteen. Fifteen...

CHRIS AND CYNTHIA

Chris smiles back, also sadly... as he and Cynthia back off, back away up the stairs, and turn, and RUN --

179 INT. SORORITY CORRIDOR - NIGHT - MOVING

WITH CHRIS AND CYNTHIA, as he takes her hand, and they RUN --

CHRIS

Thirteen, twelve, eleven...

180 EXT. KAPPA DELTA HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris and Cynthia RUN OUT, and Chris signals wildly for everyone to back off away from the house --

CHRIS

Ten -- nine -- eight -- seven --

181 EXT. SORORITY ROW - NIGHT

The sidewalk and street are ALIVE with Kappa Deltas in their formal gowns, SISTERS from other sororities who've come to see what's going on, Frat Boys, COLLEGE STUDENTS, neighbors, AND --

THREE PATROL CARS SHRIEK to halts in the street, lights FLASHING, SIRENS SCREAMING, and COPS RUN OUT with their guns up, and included among them are DETECTIVE MURPHY and OFFICER RAIMI, and they stop in their tracks as they see the headless bodies on the front lawn and everybody in the street looking toward the house AND

CHRIS AND CYNTHIA

stop across the street, and turn to look, and Chris holds her, and

CHRIS

Four -- Three -- Two -- ONE --

She buries her head in his chest, and --

VERY CLOSE ON CHRIS

CHRIS

Detective? Thrill me.

182 EXT. KAPPA DELTA HOUSE - NIGHT

The initial RUSH OF FLAME from the basement is not that big a deal, but what is astonishing is how quickly it spreads, and grows, and the flames LEAP up the sides of the sorority, CRACKLING and peeling the paint and licking the windows, and before you know it, the K.D. house is a big ball of flame, and

183 ONE OF THE PATROLMEN

grabs the radio mic from his car.

PATROLMAN

Dispatch, this is 4 Adam 19, we need a fire fighting unit as 22...

As he gives the address, WE MOVE OFF HIM AND TO the SORORITY GIRLS, gathered in the street, crying and watching their house go up in flames, and they do the oddest thing. Sweet, really:

They join hands, and begin to SING. The Kappa Delta Song. And as their voices rise on the wind, WE MOVE TO...

CHRIS AND CYNTHIA

their formal wear covered with ash, as they watch the raging inferno that was the K.D. sorority.

Chris looks at her. Her face, even teary-eyed and smudged with soot, is the most beautiful face he's ever seen in his life.

She looks at him. Some strands of hair are stuck to her cheek with sweat. Chris brushes the hair away with his hand.

CYNTHIA

Nice tux.

She looks into his eyes... And she kisses him.

Then holds him tightly and looks at the fire. Chris keeps looking at her. That kiss will not wear off for a long time.

CHRIS

Why did you do that?

CYNTHIA

Don't talk.

CHRIS

No, I need to know. 'Cause if it was because of all we've been through, then -- that's bogus. I mean, if it was a pity-kiss, then maybe we better just tell the cops everything then say goodbye, 'cause I couldn't handle my dream-girl of all time kissing me for the wrong reasons.

The flames dapple Cynthia's face in orange. A pause.

CYNTHIA

What if it was for the right reasons?

CHRIS

What?

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED: .

CYNTHIA

What if I kissed you for the right reasons?

CHRIS

Well... how would I know?

CYNTHIA

(looks at him)

How would you know what?

CHRIS

How would I know you were kissing me for the right reasons?

CYNTHIA

I guess that'd depend.

CHRIS

On what?

CYNTHIA

On how I kissed you.

She kisses him. It is long and tender. They break.

CYNTHIA

Or how many times.

She kisses him a bunch of times very softly on and around the mouth. They break. Her eyes sparkle.

CHRIS

Well... That's all well and good, but what about...

He whispers something in her ear. She smiles.

CYNTHIA

Good question. I was hoping you'd ask...

And she holds him tighter and they kiss some more, melting into each other, and WE PULL BACK, as the sorority girls SING ON, and the first FIRE ENGINES APPEAR on the scene, and through it all, Chris and Cynthia have escaped the nightmare, and now they're in their own little world... And you think it's the end, don't you?

184 EXT. KAPPA DELTA HOUSE - NIGHT

A FIREFIGHTER runs into frame with a hose, lashing at the licking flames with a powerful surge of spray.

As he battles the fire, he does not notice, a figure behind him, emerging from the flames.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

The figure is itself in flames, but walks calmly away from the house.

185 EXT. QUIET STREET - NIGHT

Another FIRE ENGINE rounds a bend, SIREN WAILING, disappearing toward sorority row. Distant SIRENS...

The street is quiet again as... the flaming figure turns a corner, walking up the middle of the street.

MOVING WITH FIGURE

as he staggers forward, and the flames blow out by the wind. He smokes and smolders... but keeps walking. Black and charred.

186 EXT. QUIETER STREET - NIGHT

The SIRENS way distant. SOUNDS of CRICKETS. Night sounds.

The charred figure comes into view, and WE SEE it closely, and though we suspected, our suspicions are fueled now because we can SEE THAT -- the figure has a cigarette between its lips.

It is DETECTIVE BLACK. Sorry. "Was".

He trudges forward. Then halts. There is a pause...

Then his HEAD SPLITS OPEN and CREEPS spill out and wriggle away as the now-useless body crumples and collapses to the pavement.

187 EXT. QUIETER STREET - LOW ANGLE

as THE CREEPS slither and SHOOT in a particular direction, under a gate -- a sign -- and we PAN UP TO THE SIGN...

And it reads: 'CRESTWOOD CEMETARY'.

AND WE PAN UP FURTHER TO SHOW the cemetery, rolling hills and trees bathed in the blue glow of a bright, full moon...

And tombstones...

Lots and lots of tombstones.

CUT TO BLACK.

END CREDITS are accompanied by a bitchin' '50's ROCK 'N ROLL LOVE SONG...